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The TATLER and BYSTANDER

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his Spitfire . . .



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thought of it—
read of it—
joined the A.T.C.
for it—
Watched it through the
classroom window.
and now
He'd got it . . .
His own Spitfire!
He had worked hard—
even studied . . .
listened with his eyes
popping, asked
questions, travelled to
Canada—to America
and back home just
to climb into that
cockpit . . .
and now it was his.
He had charged through
clouds with it—
in and out of the sun—
he had climbed
and looped in it—
and done the
victory roll . . .
more than once.
There were several
Messerschmitts and
Focke Wulfs that
would fight no more—
for he had under his
hand—the toughest . . .
the truest . . .
the nimblest . . .
Terror of the air . . .
His SPITFIRE!

* * * *

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Lady Louis Mountbatten is Decorated by the King

Lady Louis Mountbatten was escorted by her husband, Vice-Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, when she attended a recent Investiture at Buckingham Palace to receive the insignia of a Commander of the Order of the British Empire (Civil Division). Last July Lady Louis succeeded the late Mrs. St. John Atkinson as Superintendent-in-Chief of the St. John Ambulance Brigade. Shortly afterwards she went to America as official representative of the British Red Cross to convey to the people of the United States the thanks of this country for the medical supplies and clothing sent to Britain. While over there she gave a number of lectures and did a great deal of valuable work in furthering the American Red Cross campaign to enlist 100,000 volunteers in the Nurses Aide Corps, the equivalent of our V.A.D.



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Spy Fails

IN his youth, Herr von Papen, the German Ambassador to Turkey, was a most skilled secret agent for his country. Nobody knows better than he how to organise spy rings, and nobody knows better how to use them. He was doing this in the United States in the last war. True, he made blunders. It was a silly blunder that led to his activities in America being uncovered. But nevertheless Papen knows all the tricks of the spy trade. It is surprising, therefore, that he was caught napping when Mr. Winston Churchill visited Turkey. Apparently this indefatigable German Ambassador was week-ending, and ski-ing while Mr. Churchill was conferring with President Ineunu and the Turkish Prime Minister, M. Sarajoglu. This failure of von Papen's spy system in Turkey would be comparatively unimportant if his activities in that country had not been of the high-pressure kind. He's done everything to turn the Turks against Britain. He has used every trick and exerted every kind of pressure. In spite of this, Mr. Churchill was the welcome guest of the Turkish Government. The importance of von Papen's latest failure is emphasised by the fact that the Germans did not know that Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt were meeting in Casablanca. This double blow to their intelligence system surely shows that Germany is, indeed, becoming a fortress which is cut off completely from the rest of the world. Von Papen has never been popular with the Nazis. In fact, they have always suspected him. He will be less popular now.

Allies

UNDOUBTEDLY Mr. Churchill's talk with the Turkish Ministers will have an important vital effect on the future of Turkish policy. Although Mr. Churchill asked to be allowed to visit Turkey, it is significant that President Ineunu and M. Sarajoglu quickly agreed. If this means anything, it is that the Turkish Government are tired of German pressure and Hitler's threats. In other words, they are ready to act should Hitler go further than threats. It will be interesting to see how Hitler reacts to this new defiance. Up to now the Turks have been very cautious in their policy. Accepting their alliance with Britain and the friendship of the United States, they have nevertheless observed neutrality in the strictness of the letter. This may have been incumbent on them in the early days of the war, when they were short of arms of all kinds, and France was collapsing and Britain was not able to send all the supplies necessary. In recent months Britain has been able not only to fulfil her promises about war materials, but she has actually been able to fulfil some of the pledges made by France. In addition to this new strength which Turkey has acquired—not forgetting help from the United States—it must be taken into account that the Turks know as well as anybody the prevailing conditions in Germany. Presumably they think that Hitler's position is not what it was.

Hitler's Silence

ONLY once before in his ten years of absolute power in Germany has Hitler failed to address his people on the Nazi anniversary. A lot can be made of his silence on this last occasion, for there is so much material with which to fashion speculation. Obviously something has happened, or something is going to happen. There can be no question that Hitler has led Germany and the German General Staff to the very edge of disaster. The Germans have never been in such a difficult position since Hitler began to lead them. But I believe it is wrong to over-estimate this difficulty at this time, and to under-estimate Germany's powers of resistance and partial recovery. In his most boastful days, Hitler asserted that he believes in deeds and not words. This is worth remembering when we are tempted to speculate. This may be the meaning of his silence. There is no doubt that he has blundered badly. As one of our best strategists remarked to me the other day, with a twinkle in his eyes: "Don't be too hard on Hitler. He's our best friend in Germany. I hope he will continue to interfere with the General Staff, for all his mistakes are our gains, and he's made some mistakes!"

Bombs and Gloom

THERE was a lot of audacity in the double daylight raid on Berlin, which coincided with Goering's engagement to make one of the anniversary speeches for Hitler and, later in the day, when Goebbels was adding to the gloom. Obviously the Nazis believe that they can make the Germans fight still harder if they drive them right against the wall and convince them that there is no hope unless they resist to the last man—and woman. It is typical Nazi psychology. It comes from the philosophy of *Mein Kampf*, but I wonder if the German General Staff, ruthless as they are by a much older tradition than the Nazi Party, share this view. There may be no limit to the endurance of a people suffering as the German people have suffered under Hitler, for the Gestapo is in complete control. If the heads of the Gestapo called a halt, Hitler might be on the spot. This possibility must appear fantastic. But there is the German General Staff to be taken into account, and they are not only as patriotic as any Nazi, but politically minded as well. There may come a time when the German General Staff will decide that Hitler is as mistaken in his political leadership as he has been in his military strategy. For this development we can only watch and wait. In the immediate future it seems most likely that Hitler will be allowed to fulfil his plan for making Germany a strong fortress, even to the extent of withdrawing from one or more of the



A Triple Award for Major Loder-Symonds

Three honours, the D.S.O. and Bar and the M.C., were awarded to Major Robert Loder-Symonds by the King at a recent Investiture. All three decorations were won while Major Symonds was working with anti-tank guns in the Tobruk area. His mother, Mrs. Robertson, and his wife went to the Palace with him



Minesweeper Heroes Receive the D.S.C.

Two officers of the minesweepers Welsbach and Fezenta, Lieutenant R. H. Marrion who comes from Kingston-on-Thames, and Lieutenant R. H. Pratt, of Liverpool, received the D.S.C. at the Investiture. Mrs. Marrion, W.R.N.S., saw her husband receive his award from the King at Buckingham Palace



Rear-Admiral C. B. Barry, D.S.O., and His Secretary

In November, 1942, Captain Claud Barrington Barry, now Rear-Admiral, was appointed Flag Officer Submarines, in succession to Admiral Sir Max Horton, who became C.-in-C. Western Approaches. Rear-Admiral Barry is a submarine officer of great experience, having served almost continuously in this branch of the Navy since 1914. With him here is his secretary, Pay Commander A. A. Loveridge, R.N.



A Royal Empire Society Lunch for Col. Colville

The Governor Designate of Bombay, Colonel John Colville, former Cabinet Minister, was entertained to lunch by the Royal Empire Society, with Mr. L. S. Amery, Secretary of State for India, in the chair. In this picture are: Gen. Sir Alexander Godley, Mrs. Colville, Col. Colville, Maj.-Gen. Sir Frederick Sykes and Mr. Amery

more vulnerable countries which he now occupies. While doing this it is also likely that we shall have a great Hitler political offensive directed on the one hand to dividing the United Nations so that their co-ordinated war effort may be interrupted, and on the other to trying to snatch a negotiated peace wherever he can.

Russia Rejoices

THERE is continued rejoicing in Russia, for whatever the future may hold they have displayed such great military skill and physical endurance. Every victory they have gained has been won with great effort and will fill history books in the years to come. The relief of Stalingrad was brilliantly conceived and magnificently manœuvred. The Germans paid for their Fuehrer's folly in a way which also commands admiration. Hitler could have extricated many of his men from Stalingrad, but it seems that he thought more of his political promises than military caution. There is every indication, however, that he will not be allowed to repeat this deathly blunder. Wherever necessary and possible the Germans will be withdrawn to make a shorter and more strongly defensive line. Once this has been done, and when the Russians are compelled to slow down their offensive, Hitler will try out a peace offer on the Russians.

French Diplomat

THE arrival in London of M. Rene Massigli to join General de Gaulle is more than interesting. M. Massigli has been the Vichy Ambassador in Turkey, and before that was a high official in the Quai d'Orsay, as well as a member of the French delegation to the League of Nations at Geneva. Therefore he must be a man of wide experience and astute political knowledge. Presumably he knows what the people in metropolitan France are thinking. He could, of course, have gone to North Africa and joined up with General Giraud who is in need of experienced administrators. Instead he decided to throw in his lot with General de Gaulle. This is significant because of the new appreciation of General Giraud. He is not only the military man of courage and wisdom we imagined, but he has shown signs of political ambition in his recent utterances. He does not want to throw in his lot with General de Gaulle, who has from London been the means of rousing the political conscience of imprisoned France. He wants General de Gaulle to throw in his lot with him. It is a pity that such rivalry should have developed between these two patriots. M. Massigli knows that the de Gaulle movement means something in France, otherwise he would not have made the choice he has. In London he will assume direction of foreign policy for General de Gaulle.



A Wedding in Cairo

Here is Brigadier F. W. de Guingand, D.S.O., O.B.E., with his bride, formerly Mrs. Arlie Stewart, leaving the church after their wedding which took place in Cairo on December 17

Tunisian Tangle

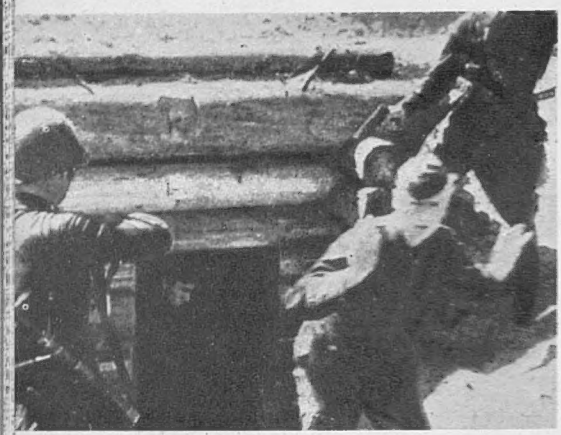
IN North Africa General Giraud has many problems, and he is wise in placing military matters first. The campaign to free Tunisia has not been going well. Most people have suspected this for a long time, but the censorship has been most strict. It is interesting, therefore, to read a recent dispatch of Mr. William Stoneman in the *Daily Telegraph*. Mr. Stoneman is a keen-eyed, fact-finding, earnest and conscientious American correspondent. He is on the staff of the *Chicago Daily News* and he is the most realistic of all American correspondents normally stationed in London. In his dispatch he shows quite clearly that things have not been well in Tunisia. This may be due to equipment of the troops about which he makes a point, or it may be due to the supply organisation which he does not mention. He does say, however: "You get the idea here that our equipment has been superior to the German, and that it is just a question of getting a little more of it plus a little more infantry before sailing right on to the coast. This just is not true and people will avoid disappointment later on if they understand it." Mr. Stoneman asserts that on occasions we have been outclassed in the air and says somewhat bitterly that we should know by now that we cannot fight tanks with troop carriers whose armour can be nothing heavier than a machine gun bullet. This, indeed, is a revelation, and clearly Mr. Stoneman must have fought hard to get his opinions, which I for one accept wholeheartedly, past the censor. The time is coming when the question will have to be answered: what has held us up in Tunisia?

Reform

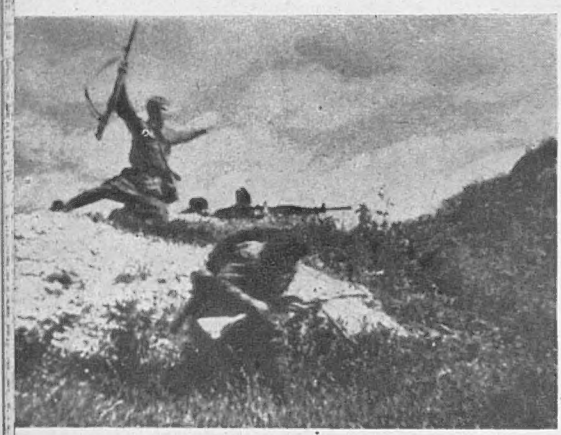
MR. ANTHONY EDEN is to be congratulated in producing his plans for reforming our diplomatic service, and reorganising the Foreign Office generally. In the years of self-criticism through which we have passed, the Foreign Office and our diplomats have not gone unscathed. But it must be remembered that our diplomatic strength suffered like every other aspect of our national life in the loss of a whole generation in the last war.



Guerillas Retake a Russian Village



Red Army Men Taking a Dug-out



Red Navy Men Defend Sebastopol



Opera Singer Lavisha Aleandrovshaya Sings to the Men of a Tank Brigade

One Day of War is fully reviewed by James Agate on this page. Of the 160 cameramen engaged on the Russian front during the 356th day of Soviet defence against Nazi invasion, taking the shots which make up this film, twenty-six were killed whilst filming actual skirmishes and battles. They did not die in vain. Their work is a lasting memorial to Russian courage and their steadfast devotion to duty

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

A Great Russian Film

By James Agate

LET it be laid down clearly and distinctly, without any iff-ing and aff-ing, as we used to say up North, that *One Day of War*, the Russian film, now showing at the Regal is by streets, miles, and any other unit of measure you can think of, the best documentary ever made. The day chosen to be "shot" by the hundred and sixty Russian photographers was Russia's three hundred and fifty-sixth day of war. The film is largely concerned with the relief of Leningrad, though it also shows us what was happening on that day on the entire Russian front, from the frozen North to the unthawed South. It is a monument to the courage, devotion, steadfastness cheerfulness and self-sacrifice of the Russian people. This film has enormous dignity. It has this because it is Russian.

One Day of War welds together, as I have seen no other documentary achieve, the fighters at the front and the workers behind the line. It gives individual photographs of these workers and their record in figures. This steelworker, for example, has an output of 230 per cent as against pre-war 100 per cent. This group of coal miners has reached the astonishing figure of 500 per cent. For the Russian prefers plain figures to the haze and nebulosity of fine phrases. Then we see a woman bringing back to the safety of an improvised trench a soldier lying wounded in the open—the kind of thing, which in this country, wins the Victoria Cross. And we are told that she has already accomplished this feat *one hundred and sixty times*, and that this is her one hundred and sixty-first rescue. We see her bringing in the man's rifle, and we are told that in no case has she omitted to do this. In other words, the Russians are shown carrying on the greatest war in history without fuss.

NEEDLESS to say that, the film being Russian, there is artistry and to spare. What could be better than that old clock ticking away against the wall which a German shell has just set on fire? Or the visit to the front by the opera singer who stands on an improvised platform, sings a touching folk song, is applauded and thanked, and departs as she came in the tiniest staff car I have ever seen? Or the recital by the concert pianist? Were this an English film the fellow would be drooling away at that infernal Liebestraum or other sentimental horror. Being Russian, he plays Rachmaninoff; and although it is the Second Concerto, it is not the sensuous slow movement we hear but that rat-tat, super-martial, give-better-than-you-take finale. And the music is in conformity with the Russian fighting spirit.

There is a scene in which a dead airman is taken out of his crashed and burning plane. He is buried, and a youth of no particular instruction, leader perhaps of the little group, says a few words at the graveside. He is not tongue-tied as an Englishman would be; nor does he stutter. He says what he has to say simply and directly. In other words with Russian dignity.

On the spectacular side the film is magnificent. The tanks seem to be moving, not in the world of today, but in the large-scale sphere of D. W. Griffith. They call up strange images of juggernauts and pre-historic monsters, and the mind likens them to the Hamilcar's elephants in *Salammbo*. There is a scene in which you see a farm house, used by the Germans as an observation post, crashed through by a tank as if it were matchwood made for a Hollywood set. You see the German dead; the bodies are searched, and out of the pockets come photographs of Nazi atrocities. Or you see a dead German sprawling across a burning tank, his signet ring with its Swastika plainly visible. The flames are just beginning to catch his sleeve, and the succinct comment is: "No, Nazi, we are not sorry for you!"

ONE shot gave the hushed audience peculiar satisfaction. A village being recaptured and freed from the Germans, the inhabitants gave up to their rescuers one of their number who had acted as a traitor and betrayed to the invaders the habitat of their secret stores of food. Presently one saw this scoundrel led to summary trial and—this was what gave the house such satisfaction—one watched him being severely set about with brooms and mops by all the old women of the village. One saw calmer scenes too, such as the adoption of a three-year-old little girl, father killed and mother taken into slavery. One saw dawn rise over Leningrad and dusk fall on that city at close of day. I have said above that this film is dignified. I realise now that this word is inadequate. This film is noble.

One Day of War is not a reconstruction but an actual record of events taken at the moment of their happening. It is almost entirely silent, except for the running commentary. And let it be said that the commentator, Joseph Macleod of the B.B.C., rises to a nobility of utterance which fully lives up to that of the film.

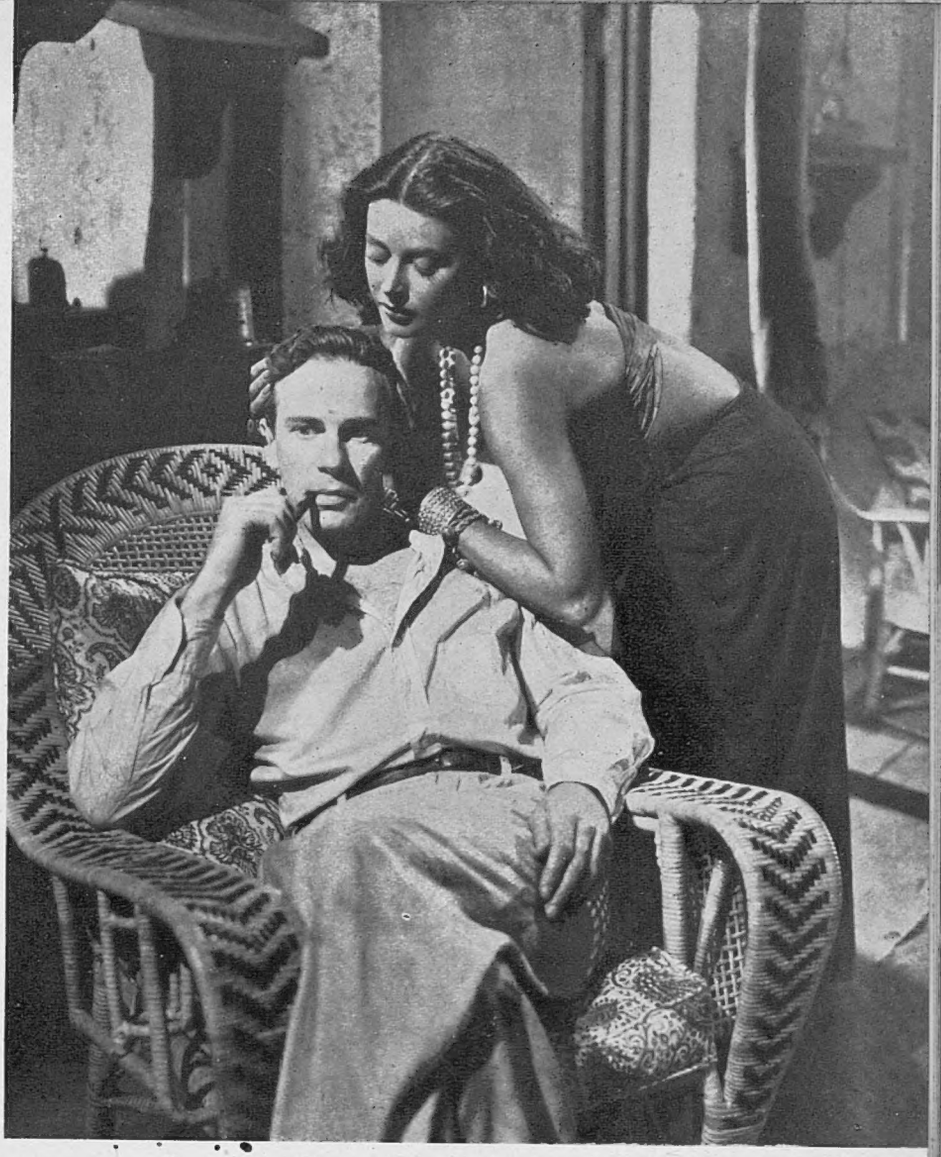
AND then, of course, being English, we must proceed to spoil the entire evening with a foolish Government snippet and a wickedly inane "musical." The snippet showed an encounter between a business damsel and an A.T.S. transport driver seated at the driving-wheel of her truck. Gurgles the business lass: "Darling, I had no idea the A.T.S. uniform could look so marvellous. I envy you, my sweet!" But the patriotic driver seizes her cue and retorts: "In that case, angel, why not try wearing one yourself?" And we are to assume that yet another valiant girlie will presently be winning the war for us. The "musical," entitled *Orchestra Wives*, was partly about the quarrels between jazz players and their help-meets, partly about the ecstasy of a young girl confronted with an oily dago vomiting his vulgar soul into a trombone. In no other country would this appalling rubbish have been bracketed with the Russian film. Disgusted, I got up and left.

ABOUT another Russian film entitled *Thirteen* (Tatler), I have only to say that it is as much superior to *Nine Men* as . . . But my space has run out.

Another Stage Success on the Screen "White Cargo" is coming to the Empire



Langford, the new assistant, who arrives determined to maintain the British standard of living, begins to feel the influence of Tondelayo, the local charmer (Richard Carlson, Hedy Lamarr)



Harry Witzel (Walter Pidgeon), hard-bitten overseer, is cynical of his new assistant's efforts. He does his best for the newcomer by attempting to frighten Tondelayo off Langford's bungalow

Tondelayo is suspected of poisoning Langford to whom she is now married. Roberts, the padre (Henry O'Neill), the doctor (Frank Morgan), and Witzel force her to swallow some of her own medicine



White Cargo, which was produced in 1924 at the Playhouse with Horace Hodges, Franklin Dyall, Brian Aherne and Mary Clare, has now been adapted for the screen by its author, Leon Gordon. The cast, which is a fine one, includes Walter Pidgeon, Hedy Lamarr, Frank Morgan, Richard Carlson, Reginald Owen and Richard Ainley. The story is a familiar one—white man, full of good resolutions, arrives at rubber station deep in Africa, falls victim to ensnaring charm of native girl, marries her, and is dying slowly by her hand when saved by the cynical old-timers of the plantation. Sent home, we assume that he again picks up the threads of decent living and dies at a ripe old age, respectable and respected, the wild oats of his youth decently buried in the heart of darkest Africa

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

Sleeping Out (Piccadilly)

How easy it is, when listening to the opening phases of the average farce, to forget

What dire offence from amorous causes springs;
What mighty contests rise from trivial things!

The stark preliminaries are so devoid of verbal graces and plausibility that one can hardly believe one's ears, still less that, from such perfunctory squalls, gales of laughter will presently blow. One forgets, in the agony of the moment, that these are merely a kind of preface in which the mines for subsequent explosion are sown. They have, indeed, something of the relation to the ensuing riot that the tuning-up of an orchestra has to the symphony that follows. Sooner or later, suddenly or by degrees, in the pit or the gallery, laughter will begin to crackle, the tinder catch, the flame spread, and the house be ablaze. Thenceforward, nothing said or done on the stage, no matter how banal, will stem the conflagration. Laugh, and the house laughs with you; scowl, and you scowl alone.

Mr. Walter Ellis, whose *Little Bit of Fluff* won the farcical marathon in the last war, and is still running in this, is too old a hand to defy tradition. The opening scene of *Sleeping Out*, his latest hullaballoo, has an exquisite puerility. The lady, dithering on a step-ladder as she wrestles with intractable black-out material; her moron maid, out-dithering her in devotion to cockney duty, and the gossip who drops in to dither too, provide this farce with a superbly discouraging start. Nor does the arrival from the City of the two deceitful husbands, babbling inconsequently of green fields and business shop, quicken hope or raise the frigid temperature. Yet to judge the risible prospect by this barren foreground, would be as misleading as to condemn a popular aria on the evidence of those sponge-muted strains that issue from the matutinal bathroom when the master of the house feels good



Harry Fisher (Douglas Stewart), estate agent with amorous intentions, turns his charms on secretary Gipsy Dainton (Elizabeth Hunt)



The two wives of the partners do not always see eye-to-eye on domestic problems, still less on the charms of their respective husbands (Buena Bent, Ellen Pollock)

Sleeping Out is not so much another *Little Bit of Fluff* as the whole dustpanful. The little bit is there all right, ready and willing to do her stuff. She is chased through the familiar mazes of farcical intrigue by the usual errant husbands who, in their turn, are chased by the usual arrant wives. And she is captured, not by either of the husbands, but by a deceitful old bachelor, who weds her in a denouement that, while improbable, has both thoroughness and finality.

We meet the little goose before the chase begins, and are pleased, though not surprised, to see how false is the husbands' description of her. Though their alleged secretary, she is neither uncertain in age nor repellent of aspect, but as orchidaceous a little flimsy as ever justified wifely jealousy, or rode the farcical whirlwind that provokes the connubial storm. Finding safety (to say nothing of trinkets and silk hose) in numbers, she is most things to all men. And the bungalow, in which her infatuated employers propose to rusticate both her and her typewriter, is as cosy a nest as ever flattered, only to betray, such dubious hopes.

Sketches by Tom Titt



Secret Service McGregor (Caven Watson) visits the Tunbridge home and tries out his bullying tactics on Daphne, the maid (Gabrielle Daye)



Partners in the publishing firm of Tunbridge, Todd & Co., are Hubert Todd (Gene Gerrard), enthusiastic member of the local Home Guard, and Roger Tunbridge (Gus McNaughton)

Here realism is more blatantly defied, farce more boldly embraced. Here the forces of farce assemble, the bag of time-honoured tricks opened wide. Nothing conducive to riot or misunderstanding is lacking, from provocatively diaphanous lingerie to a coal-cellar whose treacherous steps are strewn with booby traps into which the wife-pursued deceivers plunge, starting what sound like avalanches of disassembled bedsteads and mammoth crockery. Here, too, is the ample settee on which the peccadilloes of farce are dutifully suggested; and there, in the back-stage offing, is that emblem of farcical sin, the bedroom, of which, however, Nemesis alone is the successful occupant.

The laughter grows gustily full-throated as Mr. Gene Gerrard and Mr. Gus McNaughton play fast and loose with the tricks and tar-radiddles, and Miss Ellen Pollock and Miss Buena Bent uncork and pour out the vials of recriminatory wrath. The little bit of fluff, still buoyant, is blown hither and thither as the tempest lists, till nothing but exhaustion of the plot's permutations gives the final curtain its cue.

Why laugh? The answer is retrospective. When, in the presence of an old friend, the first man slipped on the first banana skin, man was raised above the brutes by his then acquired gift of laughter. Then, also, was planted the generic seed of farce. The joke and its progeny have not failed since, nor do they fail here. The barked shin, the fateful fib, the stammering culprit, the revengeful wife—all are present in force. And the more familiar the provocation, the louder the responsive laughter. Mr. Ellis knows that, and exploits the knowledge ruthlessly.

Anglo-American Alliance

Miss Adrianne Allen, Star of "Flare Path," and Her Husband, Mr. William Dwight Whitney



John Vickers

Harlip



Adrianne Allen, *the British-born stage and screen star, is giving one of the most brilliant performances of her career in Terence Rattigan's play of the R.A.F., "Flare Path," which celebrated its 200th performance at the Apollo last week. She was formerly the wife of Mr. Raymond Massey, and has two children, Daniel and Anna Massey. (Daniel made his screen debut with his godfather, Noel Coward, in "In Which We Serve.") Incidentally, it was in Noel Coward's "Easy Virtue," at the Duke of York's, in 1926, that Adrianne Allen made her first stage appearance, since when she has become as well known in New York as she is in this country. In July 1939, Miss Adrianne Allen was married to Mr. William Dwight Whitney*

William Dwight Whitney *is by profession a New York lawyer, although he is also a member of the English Bar, having been called in 1942. He was in the R.F.C. during the last war, and in 1940 came over to England to join the Army. He became a major in the Scots Guards, but when the United States came into the war, he was released from his military duties to do liaison work between London and Washington. He is in Washington now as Chairman of the Central Intelligence Panel and Vice-Chairman of the Planning Board—part of the organisation of the Office of War Information. While in this country, Mr. Whitney did a great deal towards furthering Anglo-American understanding. He lectured all over England for the War Office, the Ministry of Education and the Ministry of Information*

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Sandringham Shoot

A PAGE right out of Surtees came to life recently when the King, on a few days' holiday with the Queen and the two Princesses in Norfolk, invited neighbours, farmers and tenants to join him in a day's shoot. Petrol vehicles were entirely absent, their place being taken by a strange and wonderful collection of dog-traps and pony-traps resurrected from days gone by and by modern push-bicycles. There was plenty of sport, in spite of the fact that Sandringham, like everywhere else, comes under the no-rearing ban for pheasants, and each invited gun was given a brace to take home. The rest of the birds were sent, by the King's order, to hospitals in the county.

Oranges for Breakfast

CASABLANCA has been described as the "one war conference ever held that couldn't possibly be fruitless." The agenda of the conference was a full one, leaving no time for social activities, but a number of "business only" dinner-parties were held by members of both delegations, and tales of the heaped bowls of freshly picked tangerines and oranges which were served at every meal have made many mouths water at home. The Prime Minister is not a great fruit-eater, but General Sir Alan Brooke and Air Chief-Marshal Sir Charles Portal did ample justice to the African speciality.

Lord Louis Mountbatten was the first to return to this country after the conference, and arrived just in time to welcome the Duchess of Kent, who was inspecting the Wrens at the Headquarters of Combined Operations. Lord Louis found many old friends among the U.S. officers on the President's staff, and by the end of the first day was known to all at the conference by his familiar name of "Dickie." The Americans are full of admiration for the direct methods and quick grasp of the friendly, good-looking young Admiral who commands Combined Operations.

London Visit

THE Marchioness of Anglesey has been paying one of her periodic visits to London and has just returned to Plas Newydd, the family place in Wales, to be with her youngest girl, Lady Kitty Gurney, who has had a baby daughter. Lady Kitty is twin with the Anglesey son and heir, the Earl of Uxbridge, who has just got his commission in the Blues—his father's regiment—after serving in the ranks. Before going into the Army, when he was seventeen, he worked in a war factory as a designer. Lady Caroline Paget, Lady Anglesey's eldest daughter, drives with the M.T.C., and her sister, Lady Elizabeth von Hofmannsthal, is in the United States. Plas Newydd, like so many large country places, has had its share of evacuees. Mothers and babies, mostly from Liverpool, have been staying there for a long time now, but, fortunately, Lord and Lady Anglesey have been able to keep a small part of the house for themselves and their family.

Reception at the English-Speaking Union

THERE was a big crowd at Dartmouth House to greet Viscount Cranborne, the new president of the English-Speaking Union. Viscountess Cranborne was there, and the Marchioness of Salisbury, Lord Cranborne's mother. So was the Hon. Richard Cecil, Lord and Lady Cranborne's second son, who is eighteen and very tall already. Charles Street, Berkeley Square—where Dartmouth House is a landmark—is well known to the Cranbornes, for some years ago they had a house there. They now live in a flat in Westminster, too small for much of their furniture, which is housed at Hatfield. Lord Cranborne made a short speech, introduced by the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, the Union's chairman, who remarked that he and her son, Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, were old friends. One of those who listened to the proceedings from the landing was Mrs. Carnegie, who is an American, twice married to an Englishman, her first husband being Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Earlier I had seen Lady Norman, Lady Evans, Field-Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode, with Lady Chetwode in her St. John uniform, and Lady Butterfield (another American married to an Englishman), who was also in St. John uniform.



Bertram Park

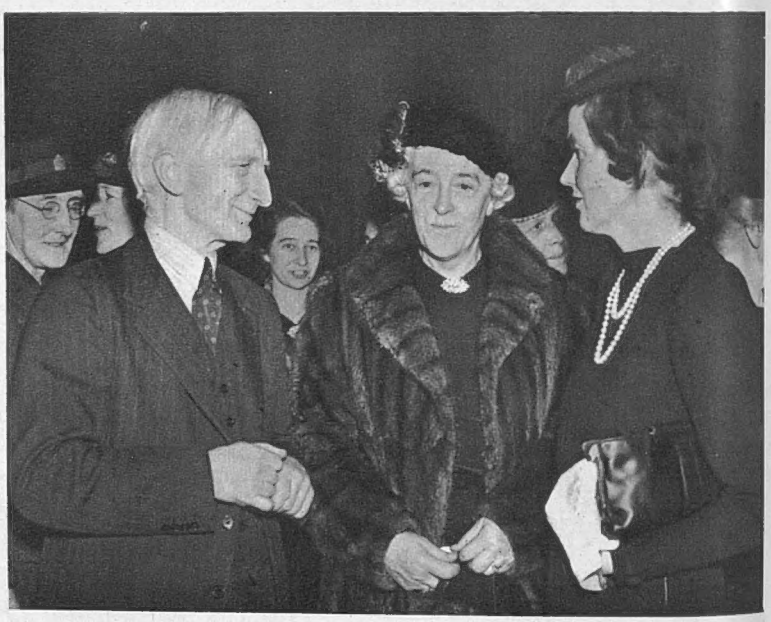
Mrs. Carmichael

Mrs. Carmichael, Assistant Commandant of a Red Cross convalescent home in Gloucestershire, is the wife of Major Carmichael, a son of the late Sir George Carmichael, K.C.S.I. Major Carmichael is second in command of a Home Guard battalion

Lord Simon arrived late, but was soon in cheerful conversation with Mr. Geoffrey Dawson; other guests included the High Commissioner for India, the High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia and Mrs. O'Keefe, the Agent-General for Queensland and Mrs. Pike, Lady Astor, Lord and Lady Ebbisham, Sir Geoffrey and Lady Shakespeare, Sir William and Lady Beveridge, Sir Alfred and the Hon. Lady Egerton, and many other diplomats, politicians and distinguished representatives of the Services, all met together to honour an important occasion, for the E.S.U., which is nearly a quarter of a century old, is the oldest British-American society—the only one (apart from temporary war relief organisations) with a similar society working on parallel lines in the United States. The Mayor and Mayoress of Westminster helped Lord and Lady Cranborne to receive the guests. Mrs. Johnny Dodge (whose American husband is a naturalised Englishman and now a prisoner of war in Germany, and who

(*Continued on page 170*)





A Reception for the New President of the English-Speaking Union

Viscount Cranborne, Lord Privy Seal, is the new president, and received the guests with Viscountess Cranborne and the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton (chairman) at the English-Speaking Union reception given recently in his honour. Above he is shaking hands with one of the American visitors

Sir William and Lady Beveridge talked with Lady Cranborne at the reception. Sir William, the eminent authority on economy and sociology, married in December Mrs. Janet Muir, herself an economist, who has collaborated with him in his work for some twenty-five years



Lady Delamere

Lord Delamere's Wife and Son

In 1924 Miss Phyllis Scott, the eldest daughter of Lord George Montagu-Douglas-Scott, married the Hon. Thomas Cholmondeley, who succeeded his father in 1931 as the fourth Baron Delamere. Lord George Scott is a son of the sixth Duke of Buccleuch, and on her mother's side Lady Delamere is a granddaughter of the seventh Duke of Rutland. Lord Delamere, who is a Captain in the Welsh Guards, and his wife have two daughters and one son, the Hon. Hugh George Cholmondeley, seen on this page, who was born in 1934. Lady Delamere is Assistant Commandant of the Hawick Red Cross Prisoners of War Packing Centre



The Hon. Hugh George Cholmondeley

Photographs by Moffat, Edinburgh



Eating Out

Jean Lady Brougham had as her dinner companion at the Lansdowne, Lieut. W. P. James, of the U.S. Army. She is a daughter of the late Brigadier-General G. B. Spencer Follett, and has two sons. Her marriage was dissolved last year



Young Marrieds

At the same restaurant were Flt. Lieut. the Hon. Oswald and Lady Mary Berry. He is one of Lord Kemsley's six sons, and she is the only daughter of the Earl of Brecknock, and the Marquess of Camden's granddaughter



Artist and Friend

Swaebe

The Marchioness of Queensberry was at another table with Mr. Dorsay Fisher, U.S. Press Attaché in London, who comes from Maryland. Lady Queensberry is Cathleen Mann, the artist, and has just held a very successful exhibition in London

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

is herself working at the Information Bureau of the Union) was busy talking to fellow-guests, including Admiral Kirk, Captain Malstrom, Major-General J. K. Crain, Brigadier-General C. M. Thiele, Colonel Blackney, head Chaplain to the U.S. Army, Colonel F. B. Jordan, Colonel E. W. Thompson, Mr. Dorsay Fisher, Mr. Glenn Abbey, Colonel W. P. Campbell, Colonel Clements, of the U.S. Marines, and many others.

Overseas League

LADY FORRES, the pretty, grey-haired wife of Lord Forres, has turned her home in Avenue Road, St. John's Wood, into a Y.M.C.A. canteen and works there every day herself. She took a few hours off the other day when she went to lunch at the Overseas League to meet the Bishop of Gibraltar, who was the guest of honour, and his cousin, Sir Hugh Gurney. Sir Hugh prefaced a few remarks by saying that he couldn't remember any details of a murky past, though he supposed the Bishop was rather a naughty boy. Lady Liddell was at the principal table, and so were those popular Canadians, Mr. and Mrs. Macaulay. Lady Willingdon announced, when speaking as president, that it was Mr. Macaulay who had given the Club its bar. General Sir Alexander Godley, who was Governor of Gibraltar some years ago, was in the chair. Another there was Kathleen, Lady Domville, who works at the canteen at the National Gallery. I hear Sir Kenneth Clark is shortly putting another room at the disposal of the canteen, which is now always so crowded.

Concert

THE Marchioness of Crewe and Lady Juliet Duff were in the entrance to the Orchid Room at the Dorchester before the concert in aid of the French in Great Britain Fund, and so were able to greet many of their friends. Miss Olga Lynn, who arranges the programmes, was another there. Lady Cunard was there; so was Lady Aberconway. Mrs. Corrigan came with Mr. "Chips" Channon, M.P., and another M.P. present was Mr. Hore-Belisha. The House of Lords was represented by Lord Faringdon. Lady Diana Cooper sat by the door with Sir Roderick and Lady Jones, and, further along, Lady Jowitt, and, for a little while, Mr. Jan Masaryk. The Hon. Mrs. Anthony Chaplin and Viscountess Moore were selling programmes. Mrs. Oswald Birley had her daughter, Maxine, with her. Lady Anderson, Lady Hudson and Mrs. Reginald McKenna sat together. Viscountess Esher and the Brazilian Ambassadress listened intently while Maggie Teyte and Peter Pears sang excerpts from Fauré, Handel and Gluck.

News from Cambridge

THE opening of Norman Marshall's Company in a new presentation of Tchehov's *Uncle Vanya* at the Cambridge Arts Theatre aroused great interest. Norman Marshall, whose Gate revues set a new standard for witty, intimate revue, has been called one of the foremost creative minds in the English theatre. He has a long list of notable productions to his credit, including *Victoria Regina, Parnell, Oscar Wilde* and *Of Mice and Men*. Latest of his productions is *The Petrified Forest*, which marked his return to the theatre after an absence of two and a half years, first in the Army, and then on the wartime staff of the B.B.C. Now he has formed his own company, including Joan Swinstead, Vivienne Bennett and Frith Banbury, which is to be based on Cambridge and from there visit Liverpool, Oxford, Bristol and other big towns. The first night was celebrated by a supper-party given by the Trustees of the Cambridge Arts Theatre, of whom Lord Keynes is chairman. Lady Butler (the Lady Mayoress of Cambridge), Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, the Provost of King's, Mrs. St. John Hutchinson (who is Peggy Ashcroft's mother-in-law), Mr. Clifford Bax, Sir Edward Marsh and Sir Roderick Micklejohn were among those present. Sir Edward Marsh, surely the doyen of first-nighters, is now living in Cambridge. Both he and Sir Roderick are the ex-private secretaries of famous statesmen, Sir Edward having acted as private secretary to Mr. Winston Churchill, and Sir Roderick to the late Earl of Oxford. They have long been admirers of Mr. Marshall's work. Roger Furse's decor won great praise. He is the son of Lieut.-General Sir William Furse, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O. He began his stage career as designer under Norman Marshall at the Gate Theatre, and is now serving as a lieutenant in the R.N.V.R. *Uncle Vanya* is being followed by *The Gay Lord Quex* and *Frolic Wind*.

(Concluded on page 184)



An Engaged Couple Photographed in a London Street

The Hon. Roger Lloyd Mostyn and Miss Yvonne Stuart Johnson announced their engagement a short time ago. He is the eldest son of Lord and Lady Mostyn, of Mostyn Hall, Flintshire, and is a Lieutenant in the 9th Lancers. He was wounded earlier in the war, and mentioned in despatches. His fiancée comes from Cheshire, and is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Stuart Johnson, of Henshall Hall, Congleton



Brig.-General and Mrs. Micklem



Miss Bonner and Major Jack Lambert



Mr. Aneurin Bevan, M.P.

Some of the Spectators at the London Premier of "Nine Men"



Air Chief Marshal Sir Christopher and Lady Courtney



Michael Balcon, Lady Greig, Lady Chetwode, Lord Camrose and Field-Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode

A large and distinguished audience attended the first performance of *Nine Men* at the New Gallery cinema. This fine film of the Eighth Army, produced at Ealing by Michael Balcon, was written and directed by Harry Watt, and tells the story of eight men and an officer marooned in the desert and of their subsequent adventures. Taking part in the film are men of the South Wales Borderers and the London Irish Rifles



Right:
Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Boyd



Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Trenchard and Lady Trenchard



Wing-Commander Sir Louis Greig and His Daughters



General Galloway and Major the Hon. E. F. Lawson

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

HAVING great sympathy for our poor little Marble Arch, which always looks to us like the weakly illegitimate offspring of the Arc de Triomphe abandoned on London's stony doorstep to starve, we nevertheless feel that a recent suggestion to rename the Marble Arch corner "Tyburn" is interesting.

But a chap who has further suggested that Tyburn Tree should be re-erected just opposite and a few highwaymen, politicians, and financiers hanged on it after the war, to preserve London's historic continuity, seems to us to overrate the box-office appeal. Deadly Nevergreen, as our fathers called it, ceased to be London's best outdoor show—the highest-priced grandstand, as you observe from Hogarth's prints, stood on the site of the big cinema on the Oxford Street corner—when the last martyr was cut down alive and disembowelled. The hanging reserved for ordinary criminals was merely a brief anticlimax to their slow spectacular procession from Newgate, and some 18th-century fine lady or other complains bitterly in her diary of the expensive seats, the crush, the heat, the stink, and the poor entertainment. It was Sixteen-String Jack Rann, the modish highwayman, who swung on that occasion, bowing right and left, gaily costumed, with a nosegay in his coat and his charming mistress expiring publicly (she quickly recovered and married dashing Sir John Lade, leader of the Bright Young People of the period). The whole thing was over in five minutes, like a heavyweight boxing match.

Substitute

OUR feeling is that any impresario who speculated on a Tyburn revival nowadays would lose a packet. Apart from the vexing costume problem, no London crowd which has torn old ladies and frightened policemen to shreds in an effort to see Hollywood film actors in the flesh would excite itself over a financier's hanging, even at popular prices. If the impresario boys want to exploit the craze for rioting and blood, let 'em wait till Dame Shirley Temple comes over.

Orgy

SUNDAY morning breakfast-parties probably did their bit to hasten the end, at 56, of Alexander Woollcott. Nine a.m. to 4 p.m. is a long time to keep up the mirific racket the average Woollcott party involved, especially when the massive host himself went berserk, as was this engaging wit and critic's habit. The normal strain of living in New York had many of his guests—mostly stage and film stars—pretty grey and lined already. After a sudden scream and dance from Woollcott at the poker-dice table you could see their hands jerking as if hung on wires.



MAURICE McLOUGHLIN

"That's Uncle George, just after he had that trouble with the War Office"

Maybe Mr. Gladstone's celebrated weekday breakfast-parties at 10 Downing Street, though less noisy, got people down even more, their *raison d'être* being political and therefore ghastlier. After a long and close-knit discussion on Turkish atrocities or Irish Home Rule over the ham and eggs many a Liberal reeled into the morning sun of Whitehall ashy-faced and shaking, we guess. A certain amount of wife-beating was even then a Liberal tradition, old political hands assure us. The bustles of the late Victorian period enabled the innocent victims of untimely rising to preserve their dignity and poise to some extent. But no woman who is being whanged by a tall serious-minded whiskered figure in a frock-coat, with a tea-rose in the buttonhole, can be said to be entirely at her ease.

Footnote

THE political dinners of the Pitt era were a much more sensible idea. Everybody was more or less shwipsy on Bellamy's port to begin with, everybody, doubtless, talked at once, and when the survivors staggered out they had several hours of fun still ahead of them. Nor did anybody criticise. The idea that it matters what politicians say or do was suggested by a cynical Permanent Official much later.

Type

RETURNING the salute of a body-guard of his new *Milice Nationale*, Laval looked to us, from the photograph, more like a feelthy-postcard man from outside the Café de la Paix than ever. Not quite a dictator-type, as one might say.

France had a genuine dictator-type (her only specimen) in the 1920's, and carelessly let him vanish down the sink. The gentleman who called himself Georges de Valois, led a meagre handful of high-booted Blueshirts, and had a programme we totally forget, was more comic than Mosley because he took himself even more seriously. The Action Française boys and the Left alike gibed at M. de Valois daily, but he knew how to pick a good name and to pose for the camera. Why he

(Concluded on page 174)



"Look here, madam, I'm prepared to offer you a cold sausage, a bridge roll and a swig at my 'Thermos' for a hard-boiled egg"



Dogs of War

By Clifford Ambler

Standing By ...

(Continued)

and his movement so suddenly faded away we've never discovered. Perhaps somebody kicked his well-cut breeches in a café. Perhaps the *police des mœurs* had a blackmail line on him, as on most of the political figures of the Third Republic. He was a more impressive figure than Laval, and wherever he is at this moment—maybe with a napkin over his arm—we imagine the Last of the Valois curls a lip at the spectacle of the French Dictator shuffling round like a nervous cockroach in that sinister white tie. What a tout! What a—yessir! Coming, sir! Boum, voilà!

Problem

COUNTRY life, as an authority accurately remarked the other day, is becoming more remote and enclosed than ever before. In every other age since the dawn of the world there have been horses.

Down our way the aboriginals are beginning at last to appreciate the tricksy humour of the Victorians who built their railways in such a way that each village on the local line has its station three to five miles away. Only the oldest inhabitants know whether it is less hell to get out at Wurzelhurst Road for Slugwash, or at Slugwash Road for Wurzelhurst. Many smart City slickers have gone mad and perished in trying to find their way from the (apparently) nearest station without a guide. Their bones whiten many a secluded lane, and the farmers grind them down for manure. Since all our signposts have been removed their fate has been too obvious to interest the hayseed population any more.

But the joke is now two-edged. When there were horses this railway fantasy didn't bother the locals to any extent when they had to travel by train. Progress, depriving them first of their longfaced chums and now of petrol, has indeed played Arcadia a dirty trick. Down our way we're wondering if anything can be done in the way of litters or palanquins, with women bearers. There are plenty of women, after all.

Fuss

EMBARRASSING as it may be to welcome our new allies, the thugs and pimps and apaches of the Old Port quarter of Marseilles have been annoying the Boche so admirably that Nazi guns and tanks have been trained on the harbour barricades and the whole quarter is apparently to be pulled down and rebuilt.

With it will vanish the stinks, fishy and other, of some three thousand years of continuous history—Marseilles was a port before Cleopatra and Mistinguett were born—and, alas, one or two dim little restaurants where food used to be food. The *doyen* Pascal vanished long since; he used to roast partridges over a fire of vine-branches so magically that only Mozart could convey your lyric contentment as you remembered the tourists dutifully gulping bouillabaisse along the Cannebière and pretending to like it (you were equally a tourist yourself, but naturally of a superior breed. Yah, snobbery). If everything else in Marseilles seemed more crude and odious than in most great seaports, to be fair to France you had to remember that the dark, wiry quick-eyed cynical Marseillais are not Gauls but Phoceans, Greeks of the Levant, the people you see sometimes on dug-up vases, making lightning gestures and up to no good.

If one of those Old Port *maquereaux* ever does something outstandingly heroic we're wondering how Fleet Street delicacy will convey his civil occupation. "Manager," maybe?



"You waltz divinely—whatever the band plays"

Contretemps

THE case of a mariner recently charged with being drunk in charge of a trawler reminded us of what a knowledgeable chap once assured us, namely, that this was the real truth behind the wreck of the *Hesperus*, whose skipper (as Longfellow originally wrote) had taken a little snorter to keep him company.

If such imbroglios interest you, this bit of realism got Longfellow (so this chap swore) into trouble with his publishers. "Maybe that'll go over big with the Lowells and the Cabots," they said icily. "It'll go over big with the McCluskys and the Levinskys," chuckled Longfellow, whereupon his girl friend the poetess Eliza Cook exclaimed: "Wadsworth! Since when has the American Muse offended female delicacy?" (this was long before the Hemingway Age). To which Longfellow sulkily replied, "Aw, give a brother Elk a break, can'tya?", his publishers rewrote the line then and there, bringing in a little daughter hitherto non-existent, and the matter ended.

Footnote

THE period during which a drunk chap is actually in charge of any sailing vessel is extremely brief, we imagine. In the only case we've personally observed the vessel was a small yacht, the inevitable gybe came within five minutes, the swinging boom knocked the shwipsy one instantly base over apex into the wine-dark sea, and his guests, having put him to bed, enjoyed a long, happy, carefree night. Had he been driving a car they'd have had all the annoyance of an inquest.

Office

REMARKING casually that since the death of Thos. ("Fate's Football") Hardy the Island Race has lacked an official Grand Old Man of English Letters, a thoughtful chap left it at that and made no suggestions.

It is not a wildly exciting subject, outside the booksy racket, unless somebody suddenly produces a dark horse. Till his recent death Hugh Walpole was the most obvious candidate, Gaffer Shaw being out of the running for good owing to his lifelong habit of gibing at the Race. A keen observer some time ago tipped Mr. Godfrey Winn, but we doubt if a bogus white beard would delude the heirs of Drake for long.

It is even less easy to select Britain's Grand Old Woman. Not only does the most obvious candidate for this post wear trousers, but there are at least three real best-selling booksy girls eligible, apart from that iron baby who flies her own broomstick. If the fearful duty of choosing the G.O.W. from that bunch fell on us, we'd probably charge through the P.E.N. Club crazy with fear and firing blindly from the hip.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"I do wish you wouldn't read in bed, Albert. . ."

Two Families

In the Country



Lady Dunglass and Her Daughters



Clapperton, Selkirk

Diana, Caroline and Meriel Douglas-Home

Lady Dunglass, *photographed with her children at her home, Springhill, Coldstream, Berwickshire, is the wife of Lord Dunglass, M.P. for Lanark, the Earl of Home's eldest son. Lady Dunglass was Miss Elizabeth Alington, before her marriage in 1936. She is the eldest daughter of the Very Rev. Cyril Alington, D.D., Dean of Durham, and the Hon. Mrs. Alington, and a granddaughter of the fourth Baron Cobham. Her father was for seventeen years a very popular headmaster of Eton. Lord and Lady Dunglass have three daughters—Caroline, Meriel and Diana*

Mrs. Thomas Butler and Her Children





Swaebe

Richard and Caroline Butler Get a Lift

Mrs. Thomas Butler *was formerly Miss Rosemary Davidson-Houston, daughter of Major and Mrs. James Davidson-Houston, of Pembury Hall, Kent. She married in 1937 Major Thomas Butler, only son of Sir Richard Butler, Bt., of Ballin Temple, Co. Carlow. Her husband is in the Grenadier Guards, and at present serving abroad. Mrs. Butler is living in the country with her two children, Richard, aged three, and Caroline, who is a year older*



Posted in Error

When a dutiful wife, unaware of her husband's Secret Service activities, posts his mail, she unwittingly starts a world-wide chase after a secret dossier containing vital information to the enemy

From Pillar to Pants

The Secret Dossier Keeps Travelling, and, After it, with Song and Dance, go the Hulberts in the Town's Most Obstinate Musical Success, "Full Swing," at the Palace Theatre

Right: Pursuing the chase, husband Hulbert locates the precious papers, and succeeds in sticking to them—for a time

The Secret Dossier is Found and Stuck to



Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Searched for in Vain

Forgiving wife Courtneidge, discarding her suspicions of another woman, enters into the spirit of the chase. Valiantly risking her honour in villain De Warfaz's private suite, she searches for the elusive dossier



Discovered by Guile

Down in the seaport of old Rio de Janeiro, Ordinary Seamen Courtneidge and Hulbert track with unerring instinct the final resting-place of the dossier. Secret agent Nora Swinburne eyes the proceedings professionally



Miss Pamela Brown of London Town

Fred Daniels

A year ago, the name Pamela Brown was unknown to London theatre audiences. Now it is synonymous with the name of one of the town's most successful plays, *Claudia*, at the St. Martin's Theatre. Pamela came to London after six years' hard constructive work in the provinces. When at the Oxford Repertory Theatre, she met Peter Copley, to whom she has now been married for over a year. They live in Hampstead Square, in part of the house belonging to Peter Copley's parents, John Copley and Ethel Gabain, both of whom are painters of repute. A portrait of Pamela by Ethel Gabain was exhibited in last year's Academy. Peter Copley, whose major theatrical interest lies in production rather than in acting itself, has been taking part in the recent ambitious broadcast of Tolstoy's *War and Peace*.

The Conductor of the National Symphony Orchestra at Home with Mrs. Sidney Beer and Mitzi



Maria Teresa celebrated her first birthday in September last year



The National Symphony Orchestra was formed by Mr. Sidney Beer in the autumn of 1942, and since October 11th, regular Sunday afternoon concerts have been given at the Phœnix Theatre. The concerts are steadily increasing in popularity, and it is Mr. Beer's hope that they will continue throughout the year and become a permanent feature of London life. The works of modern composers are presented as well as a great variety of French music, to which the orchestra is well suited, on account of its exceptionally fine wood-wind section, which is heard to remarkably good effect in the works of Debussy and Ravel. Mrs. Beer, who never misses a performance, is one of her husband's severest critics. She is Viennese by birth and was Miss Heidy von Maasburg before her marriage. Their baby daughter, Mitzi, was born on September 16th, 1941, and has Mr. Fritz Kreisler as one of her godparents



Mr. Sidney Beer consults the Leader at a rehearsal of the National Symphony Orchestra

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Emendation Necessary?

"SEIN oder Schein" is said to be the favourite catch-phrase in Berlin at the moment. Freely translated, it might be rendered: "To be or 'May be.'" It is suggested that the Germans would be better advised to adopt "Sein oder nicht sein," and it is very obvious that the head of the German State and his associates now know very definitely which it is to be. The "low whine of fear," of which the Premier spoke, has now become a yowl (ref. speeches of Göring and Göbbels after they had emerged from their Rattenlöcher on the birthday of Mr. Hitler, with which the R.A.F. so greatly interfered). Das ist die frage!

From Moscow

THE TIMES correspondent: "Thousands of German women and children may thank the Führer that they have escaped persecution at the price of their menfolk's lives, for Paulus is reported to have fulfilled Hitler's order threatening reprisals against the families of all men who surrendered."

In view of the fact that the newly-created Field Marshal and sixteen of his generals have now surrendered, it seems as if things might turn out a bit awkward. The nature of the "reprisals" to which the female belongings of any troops which have surrendered will be subjected need hardly be specified.

What's the Odds?

THE betting upon any big race is often a far better guide than anything that the Old Moores of the Turf are able to tell us, especially when the figures are provided by one of the most knowledgeable Genii of the Ring. The strict laws governing advertising do not permit his name to be mentioned, but the initials are W. H. He makes Nasrullah favourite for the Derby at 4-to-1, and for the Guineas at 5-to-2, which means that he is more convinced that this colt will get a mile than he is about his staying 1½ mile. W. H. may be right, but I should put it the other way round. He also thinks Umiddad a better proposition for the Guineas than for the Derby, the prices being 6-to-1 and 8-to-1 each to each. Again I disagree, for I think Umiddad's Dewhurst win marked him as likely to prefer a distance. W. H. apparently is not very much in love with either Lady Sybil or Ribbon for the Derby, as you can have 20-to-1 about each of them, but he seems quite certain that Lady Sybil will win both the One Thousand and the Oaks, and she is at 5-to-2 for the former and 7-to-2 for the latter. No doubt she will go for the One Thousand, but her owner may think her good enough to win the Derby. Our friend quotes Straight Deal at 12-to-1 for the Guineas and 14-to-1 for the Derby, and I think that the latter looks like the better wager, especially as the accounts of this colt are so favourable. He is a very nice colt indeed. Our professor opens his shoulders about Tipstaff for the Derby, 33-to-1, but he is more cautious about him where the Guineas are concerned, as his best offer is 16-to-1. These figures merely re-echo the opinions of the critics, who may be wrong, and I think their condemnation is a bit premature. W. H. is not a bit enamoured of Ribbon for either the Two Thousand or the Derby (33-to-1 and 20-to-1), but we do not yet know what the noble owner thinks. I should be inclined to snap up a small bet on her at 20-to-1 for the Derby, for I am sure that she is a real good one, and reports say that she is furnishing a lot, and she may grow. She is small, no doubt, but they never put a diamond ring in a packing-case.

Turf Losses

TWO recent and very grievous ones, and within a day of each other: W. R. Jarvis, on January 27th, and the even more renowned Alec Taylor, of Manton, on the 28th. Jarvis, trainer to three Kings of England—George V., for whom he trained Scuttle, winner of the One Thousand in 1928, and runner-up in the Oaks; Edward VIII., whose flat-racing exploits were not on a large scale; and his present Majesty George VI.—died at the comparatively early age of fifty-seven, after a long and painful illness which entailed three operations; but Alec Taylor at the venerable age of eighty-one, after having sent out 929 winners from Manton, netting for his various patrons £800,000 in stakes alone. He retired in 1927, his biggest winning season having been 1922, when fifty-six wins brought in £52,084 and a bittock. He sent out three Derby winners, of which Mr. Fairie's Lemberg (1910) was probably one of the best horses he ever had through his hands; Bayardo, I should think, being the very best. His other two Derby successes were gained during the last war (1917 and 1918), and were, of course, at Newmarket: the former year for Mr. Fairie with Gay Crusader, and the latter for Lady James Douglas with Gainsborough, both these colts being by Bayardo, who was also owned by Mr. Fairie, and won the Leger in 1909. A great bit of Turf history! In addition to Bayardo, Taylor sent out four other Leger winners, of which Gay Crusader and Gainsborough were two; four Two Thousand



Rugger Internationals D. R. Stuart

Captain W. C. W. Murdoch, the Scottish Rugger International, and Captain R. E. Prescott, England Army captain and International player, are to play for the British Army against Ireland shortly. Both of them played for their universities, Glasgow and Oxford, in pre-war days







Miss Jean Nicholl, Famous Lawn Tennis Player, is Married at St. George's, Hanover Square

The bridegroom was Sub-Lieut. Edward W. A. Bostock, R.N.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Bostock, of Katong, Ipswich, and South Lopham Hall, Norfolk. The bride is Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Campbell Nicholl's daughter

Miss Peggy Ingram and Mrs. Menzies were guests at the wedding. Mrs. Menzies and Miss Nicholl have taken part together in many exhibition lawn tennis matches for the Red Cross since the war

Bridesmaid to Jean Nicholl was Miss Audrey Cardinall, and she left the church on the arm of the best man, Squadron Leader Roy Jaggard, R.A.F. The bride was given away by her father





Rosslyn Park Public Schools v. the A.T.C., at the Old Deer Park, Richmond

D. R. Stuart

Rosslyn Park Public Schools XV. beat the first Air Training Corps XV. to play a Rugger match, by 19 points to 16, after a close game. Playing for Rosslyn Park were (sitting) P. Revell, A. M. Sloan, P. G. Rawcliffe, L. F. L. Oakley (captain), D. C. Shields, G. W. Lamb, I. M. Simmonds; (standing) H. R. Rose, R. D. Hislop, M. H. Gem, B. A. Tudgay, W. D. C. Lyddon, —— Wace, C. H. Sloan, R. G. Graham

The Home Counties A.T.C., beaten by 3 points, had their C.O., Air Chief-Marshal Sir W. Gore Mitchell, present to support them. Above (sitting): F/Lt. Basil Foster, M. Leslie, E. C. A. Bott (captain), Sir W. Gore Mitchell, G. A. B. Covell, F. Burgess, S. G. Harvey, F/O. F. F. J. Lyall; (standing) T. W. Pay, R. H. Lee, A. Sloan, D. S. Smith, W. J. Smellie, P. J. Goodman, D. B. Mathews, D. W. J. Bryan, M. E. Griffith, D. Stockton

winners; eight Oaks winners; one One Thousand winner; and five Gold Cup winners—a record which will take a power of beating. I should think that he was the best-liked and most courteous man on the Turf in all its history. I only had the honour of meeting him twice, and so am not as much entitled to speak as are his host of intimate friends, but I then thought him a reincarnation of Chesterfield.

"Mr. Manton"

ALEC TAYLOR'S father, "Old Alec," who built Manton, is reputed to have been just as full of tact and good manners as his son, so much so that even the redoubtable and somewhat domineering "Mr. Manton" (the Duchess of Montrose) failed to disturb his serenity. The story goes that, upon one occasion, when she went to Manton upon a touting expedition for information about a horse owned by another of "Old Alec's" patrons (Mr. Crawfurd), and found him quite unresponsive, she fired a parting shot in her temper, saying that the yard was filthy, and that she would make it her business to tell Mr. Crawfurd what a somethinged rotten trainer he had got. "Old Alec" is reported to have replied very courteously: "Your Grace, I have only known two really clever women in my time. The first was my mother, who could train horses as well as my father. The second is my wife, who knows how to mind her own business!" It is said that "Mr. Manton" went even more purple with temper. A bit later on, when Alec Taylor won a race at Goodwood with one of her horses, when she came down from the stand she went up to him and shook him warmly by the hand, saying: "Mr. Taylor, what a wonderful trainer you are!" "Yes, your Grace," "Old Alec" replied, "but *only* when I win!" So again the lady got no change out of him.

A Murder Plot—Jockeys Involved

WITH the flat-racing season looming in the offing, I feel it to be my bounden duty to reveal a dangerous plot against the life of a Minister who has yet to be given that dukedom which he has so richly earned. The jockeys, I understand, say, in the forceful and variegated language of the Turf, that not one of them has a somethinged celluloid cat's chance of keeping within measurable distance of his riding weight so long as that there Woolton is allowed to go on fattening the whole nation up in the way he has been, and is still, doing, with his potatoes and such-like. He has stopped most people eating the things that did them no good and added nothing to their fibre, and he has made everyone eat things that are 100 per cent. up-builders. What chance has the poor jockey, or even the lady, who desires nothing so much as to look like a rag, a bone and a hank of hair? Any attempts at slimming, or wasting, are quite futile.

A Cargo Clipper

THE main outline of Walter Scott Burns' suggested cargo clipper were given in a recent note, there is, however, much more to it, and without attempting to go into the detail of her engine power, there is one thing more which it is absolutely necessary to mention, and this is the arrangement for dual engines and steering devices, one lot, as usual, astern, the other lot in the bow, the power distribution being 88 per cent. to 12 per cent. It could, so I gather, be so designed that the "pusher" and "puller" power could be divided fifty-fifty, and in any case the experiences of the war have shown us that it is asking for trouble to have only one means of propulsion available. What got the Bismarck? It was a near-miss bomb which put the Ohio's engines out of action. I am certain that this fighting tramp might mean goodbye for ever to the submarine as a commerce raider. The sooner we wake up to this fact the sounder shall we sleep o' nights!



Johnson, Oxford

O.U.B.C. Officials

Mr. W. Whitechurch and Mr. T. H. S. Burns, secretary and president of the Oxford University Boat Club, are seen on the Isis towpath. The Oxford and Cambridge boat race will take place at Radley on February 13th



D. R. Stuart

To Captain the R.N.Z.A.F.

F/O. Eric Grant is to captain the Royal New Zealand Air Force Rugger team against the R.A.A.F. when they meet this month at Richmond. This match has not been played before in England



Lawn Tennis Players' Baby

Proud parents in the picture are Lieut. and Mrs. Elwood Cooke, and their baby daughter was born some weeks ago. Mrs. Cooke was formerly Sarah Palfrey Fabyan, America's No. 1 woman tennis player in 1941. Her husband was also a well-known pre-war tennis player

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

German Boy

"THE CLOVEN PINE," by Frank Clare (Secker and Warburg; 8*s.* 6*d.*), has been, I am glad to note, recommended by the Book Society. It deserves this attention—for, while being in almost every way a wide departure from the "popular" novel type, it is not only original in its manner but deals with a subject of growing importance now: the rising generation in Germany, its outlook, its make-up, its sensibility to the political background, its hopes and fears. Sooner rather than later—though we do not know how soon—the problem of this generation will face us. Is it too much to hope that these adolescents of Germany may grow up into adults with whom we can live at peace? It will become as vital that we should understand our former enemies as it is vital, now, that we should understand our allies.

It must be said that in Götz Biehl-Bodenhausen, the sixteen-year-old schoolboy, Mr. Clare deals with an individual rather than with a type. In the main, Götz reacts against his environment—just as his father, the pleasant Liberal doctor, reacts (though discreetly) against the Hitler regime. Götz is, on the whole, uneasy at the school that he attends as a day-boy: precocious, introspective, and of very attractive appearance (those who love him find he resembles a Teddy-bear), he suspects and dislikes his own tendency to play to the gallery. With him, the normal problems of adolescence are at once complicated and added to by the phoney emotionalism, the mixture of cheap heroics and neurotic dreads into which the Nazi party plunges its growing youth—like an unhappy collection of "specimens" into the same big bottle of bad spirits. Sometimes consciously, sometimes subconsciously, Götz is aware that his nature is being damaged. At school, he perceives different degrees of sincerity in the masters' official espousal of National Socialism. At home, he cannot ignore his father's pessimism, his elder brother's cryptic artificiality, his mother's muddled mentality and pathetic feminine wish that all should, even now, turn out to be for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

The story opens in 1937 and closes not long after the crisis of 1938. The main scene of the action (though there are departures from this) is in and around Götz's school in an unnamed German city—this I *take* to be Munich, but not knowing Germany I may be quite wrong. It takes two, however, to make a story: the other major character is the young intellectual Englishman, David Beaton, who is introduced at the school as English master by the Anglophile but idiotic Herr Klinge—whose own reasons for admiring England were comically, though, also, unfortunately, off the mark. David Beaton is to make a profound impression on Götz.

Between the German boy and the English master a disturbing, uneasy and always rather unhappy emotional relationship comes into being. This is a theme of which English fiction has, on the whole, fought shy. But it is a theme essential to the development of Mr. Clare's story—and his treatment of it could not be more delicate. Had David Beaton and his young German pupil remained merely cheerful, happy-go-lucky acquaintances, the conflict between their two different points of view, between the profoundly English and the profoundly German nature, between the two opposed political creeds, need not have occurred. In a superficial relationship, one seeks no more than good feeling and a good time; what might cause any awkwardness is kept pushed out of view. It is only when one cares for another person that there is (or may always be) the unhappy tendency to drag everything up, to have everything out.

Poles Apart

DAVID BEATON'S criticisms of things German thus have the effect of making Götz defend much that he (inwardly) mistrusts or dislikes himself. His admiration for David is tinged with envy, sometimes exasperation. He is constantly angered and sometimes hurt by the Englishman's flippant superiority. He writhes at seeing David amused by much that one takes for granted in Nazi Germany—for instance, the "Heil Hitler" salutes.

In all ways, the friendship with the young Englishman acts as a sort of precipitant to Götz's troubled nature. David, for his part, in spite of his easy manners, is himself introspective, serious, analytical. His strong affection for Götz makes his observation of Germany less cold-blooded than he had meant it to be. He detests the Hitler regime, not only impersonally but for the damage it does to the life of his young friend. . . . In the early spring of 1938 David returns to England; in the summer of that year Götz visits the Beaton family, who are on holiday in the Isle of Wight. The German boy's happiness in the freedom of England is touching—at the same time, he holds to his loyalties, forcing himself to mistrust much that he loves. On his lonely return journey to Germany, he goes through hours of terrible desolation.

The Cloven Pine, as a novel, is slow, analytical, and might be found heavy. In a sense, almost nothing happens. Each scene in the story is, in a way, inconclusive—yet is, at the same time, charged with immense importance. Mr. Clare gives us few descriptive passages, and few accounts of ordinary German, immediately pre-war life; personally, I could have done with more. He excels, however, at portraiture, and his portraits are never caricatures—the different schoolmasters, Götz's fellow-pupils, the Biehl-Bodenhausen family and the friends who come to their house are all convincing, and live on in one's memory like people whom one has actually met. The only comedy is provided by that appalling schoolboy, Hermann Funk, of whom even the kindly Mrs. Beaton can, on his visit to England, make nothing at all. . . . I have left myself no room to quote from *The Cloven Pine*. I specially commend to your interest the argument about "abstract thought" between the two masters, on p. 69; also, the

(*Concluded on page 184*)



Broadcasting To-day—No. 4, England
By Fenwick

"Here endeth the first news"

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

THE vagaries of the Sunday Conscience I don't believe I shall *ever* understand! Ever since the days of my youth, when we were only allowed to play hymn-tunes on the Seventh Day, but could read *Pickwick*, when my parents insisted upon keeping that day as one of rest and religious contemplation, but demanded a hot Sunday dinner and entertained friends for supper, it has always been for me rather a puzzling affair. At last, I had to come to the conclusion that the religious conscience of servants didn't require a day of rest and holy thinking. They could indulge all that on their half-days off. Since then, I have often wondered if railwaymen, taxi-drivers, waiters, musicians, cinema usherettes and operators, electricians, and hundreds of other people who work for the public comfort, can possibly possess a Sabbath conscience? It is a solemn thought—only rendered endurable by the belief that, for them, a Wednesday or a Thursday will do! Even, perhaps, Monday—provided they were not actors or actresses.

For, apparently, there is a big ethical difference between a chauffeur who takes you, say, to Maidenhead on a Sunday and a waiter who serves you with lunch when you get there, and an actor who gives that chauffeur and that waiter an evening of escape and pleasure on the evening of that formidable day. It is a comforting thought! So, in future, I shall take off my moral hat to every chorus-girl and to all those stars who, I like to think, walk wherever they want to go, and do all their own housework on the Sabbath Day, and to every other person who refuses to give pleasure to others if it entails paid work for themselves. Brought to its logical conclusion—and all ethical subjects should welcome the test—it will mean a dull day for most of us, but what a warming triumph for the religious conscience!

Speaking personally, I sometimes suspect that my Sunday conscience depends on what I want to do and what I should hate doing. My Seventh-Day ideal is, I'm afraid, miserably heterodox. I would grant "S" certificates to certain plays, as "A" certificates are given to certain films, and these should be performed on Sunday. I would open every art gallery and museum all day. I would encourage lectures and music and every intellectual and health-giving pursuit. I would have Shakespeare read in church, and any other extract from great literature or poetry. I would, in fact, make of Sunday, especially for those people who are too tired at the end of the day during the rest of the week, a chance to find an opportunity to enlarge their mental horizon, to widen their sympathies and understanding, to improve the health of both their body and mind; briefly, to discover on that one day the beauty which can be found in life, and in its widest and most comprehensive sense. And if I could contribute in some small way to such a day, I hope I should find within myself a tiny echo of that inner joy which, we are told, is part of the reward offered to minor evangelists!

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



D. R. Stuart

Leyton — Cooper

Dr. Nevil Leyton, of 10, Harley Street, W., elder son of the late Prof. A. S. Leyton and Mrs. Leyton, of Sandhills, Headington, Oxford, married Wendy Cooper, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Cooper, of Braemar, Basingstoke, at St. George's, Hanover Square



F. B. Barker

Gregg — Binns

Lieut. Derek Gregg, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. B. E. P. Gregg, of Barnes, S.W., and Ina Bertha Binns, only daughter of the late R. W. Binns and Mrs. Binns, of Clive Court, W., were married at St. Mary's, Bryanston Square



Mason — Lathan

Dr. John Kenyon French Mason, only son of Air Commodore J. M. Mason, D.S.O., D.F.C., and Mrs. Mason, and Elizabeth Hope Lathan, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Lathan, of Limpsfield, Surrey, were married at the Church of the Assumption, Warwick Street



D. R. Stuart

Pocock — Seddon

S/Ldr. John H. Pocock, R.A.F.V.R., F.R.C.S., elder son of Dr. and Mrs. A. R. G. Pocock, of Drayton Gardens, S.W., and Barbara Seddon, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Seddon, of 27, Northmoor Road, Oxford, were married at Balliol College Chapel, Oxford



Chaworth-Musters — Gough

Lieut. John Henry Chaworth-Musters, Coldstream Guards, elder son of Colonel and Mrs. J. N. Chaworth-Musters, of Annersley Park, Notts., married Norah Mary Deidre Gough, only daughter of Mr. Hubert Gough, Deputy Director-General of Police, Hyderabad, Deccan, India, and Mrs. Gough, at Brompton Oratory



Clayton — Beauchamp

F/Sgt. James Powis Clayton, R.A.F., son of Mr. Vernon Powis Clayton, of 22, Dover Road, Worthing, and Ellen Clare Beauchamp, daughter of Mrs. Beauchamp, of 14, Warwick Street, Worthing, were married at St. Mary of the Angels Catholic Church, Worthing



F. B. Barker

Buxton — Muir

Lieut. Adam Buxton, R.N., son of Col. G. A. H. Buxton, H.Q., Northern Area, Londonderry, and Mrs. Ruth Buxton, married Mrs. Rotha Elizabeth Muir, widow of Capt. Michael Muir, and daughter of Capt. and Mrs. E. W. Tetley, of Little Santon Farm, Reigate Heath, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Westcott — Andrew

John Shorland Westcott, elder son of the late Lieut.-Colonel George Westcott and Mrs. Westcott, of Moseley Lodge, Cheadle, Cheshire, married Rona Mary Spencer Andrew, only daughter of the late T. S. Andrew, and Mrs. Andrew, of Avenham, Sale, Cheshire, at St. Anne's Church, Sale



Duncan — Buchanan

Major Stuart Alexander Duncan, R.E., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Duncan, 1, Foremount Tce, Hyndland, married Han Muir Buchanan, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Buchanan, of Braefoot, Cardonald, Glasgow, at Cardonald Parish Church

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 170)

Across the Atlantic

LATEST news from Washington was received with the arrival in London by bomber of Mr. John Dumeresque, a member of Mr. David Bowes-Lyon's staff on the British Political Warfare Mission. One of the many Americans who is doing so much these days to foster Anglo-American relations is Mr. Henry Field, who, with his wife, Patsy, does a great deal towards making the Britisher over there feel at home. (Henry Field is the son of Mrs. Minna Burnaby, of Baggrave Hall, who is the daughter of the late Henry Field of Chicago and a sister of Marshall Field. She married Mr. Algernon Burnaby, late M.F.H. the Quorn, in 1908, and has made her home in England ever since.) Every day from 5.30 to 7.30 a real English tea is served in the Field home at Georgetown, the loveliest old part of Washington, and there is open house for all members of the British colony. On Sundays, tea is followed by informal suppers. A frequent guest when Field-Marshal Sir John Dill was over there was Lady Dill. Another is Mr. David Bowes-Lyon, the Queen's youngest brother, who is very popular with the Americans and his name frequently mentioned, both in conversation and in the Press, as Lord Halifax's most favoured successor. Sir Bede Clifford, when over from Trinidad, never fails to pay a visit to the Field home; the late Brigadier Vivian Dykes, who died so recently, was another visitor; Mr. John Russell, now a Secretary at the Embassy, is frequently there; so is Mr. Noel Hall and Sir George and Lady Sansom. (Sir George is a world-famous expert on Japan.) Mrs. Clare Crossley, whose M.P. husband, the eldest son of Sir Kenneth Crossley, was so tragically killed in Norway in 1939, is another visitor, and Betty Gibbs, the very popular receptionist at the Embassy, is often there.

Charity Premiere

A WORLD premiere which is to benefit both Fighting French and Soviet war charities takes place at the Regal Cinema on Friday next, when *To-morrow We Live* is presented to the public. The film is the first to be made with the co-operation of General de Gaulle and the French National Committee, and tells a vivid and dramatic story of underground resistance in France to-day, based on actual experiences. The Free French Welfare Movement, which, with the Women's and Children's Comforts Fund of the Joint Committee for Soviet Aid, is to benefit, is under the presidency of Lord Tyrrell of Avon.

Restaurant

AT the Bagatelle, where Ferraro is the host and friend of most of his clientele, the Countess of Southesk was among the lunchers. Other daytime visitors were Mrs. Arbuthnot Leslie and Lady Campbell, both from Scotland, and Mr. and Mrs. Cowan Dobson. Dancers one evening included Lord Simon's good-looking soldier son, and Flight Lieutenant and very pretty Mrs. Edward Ward (the former Miss Pauline Winn). Others seen in London last week included Sir George Franckenstein, at the admirable Wolfit production of *King Lear*; Mr. Tony Wheeler, son-in-law of Lady Bertha Dawkins, hurrying through the May Fair; Mrs. ("Romie") Gilbey, smart in her Red Cross uniform, and in the same uniform slim and pretty Mrs. (Althea) Baxendale.



Treasures for Sale to Aid British War Relief

One of the most interesting treasures for sale in New York to aid the British War Relief Society is the Salisbury Races Cup made in London in 1708, and valued at 5000 dollars. The cup has been presented by Lady Louis Mountbatten, who visited the Society's sale-rooms at 6, East 57th Street, last year. It has long been a cherished possession among British horse-lovers. Above, Mrs. Carman G. Messmore, Sir Robert Appleby, vice-president of the Society, and Mrs. Halstead G. Freeman are seen admiring the cup

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 182)

account, on p. 135, of the Biehl-Bodenhausen family reluctantly staying in to listen to Hitler's speech on a fine Sunday afternoon.

Portrait of a Lady

"ADMIRAL'S WIDOW": Being the Life and Letters of the Hon. Mrs. Edward Boscawen, from 1761 to 1805, is a book that I do most heartily recommend. It is by Brig.-General Cecil Aspinall-Oglander, and is published by the Hogarth Press, at 12*s.* 6*d.* The delightful Mrs. Boscawen (whose earlier life and idyllic marriage are to be read of in the same author's *Admiral's Wife*) wrote letters that were compared by her friends to those of Mme. de Sevigné, and even in France she came to be known as "La Sevigné d'Angleterre."

In editing these letters (of which he holds the manuscripts), in supplying them with and in relating them to their historical background, and in following Mrs. Boscawen's life-story, on from the first year of her widowhood, General Oglander has done first-rate work. Though the tenor of Mrs. Boscawen's personal life was quiet, she lived in, was part of and was impinged upon by the great English world of her day. Not a campaign, not a battle, not a political change failed to affect her—sometimes tragically. Both as a hostess (a very delightful hostess) and as a friend, she knew the distinguished men, in all spheres, who left their mark on that age. Her family connections—first her own and her husband's, then others through the marriages of her children—were wide. She preferred to live by herself, but paid many visits; and when she was in London all her world sought her out. She was, in the literal sense, an attractive woman.

Mrs. Boscawen's letters dispose of one's delusion that *nice* people must necessarily be dull, and that wit and vivacity are inseparable from malice. This lady, who in repartee could stand up to Dr. Johnson (on whose difficult moodiness she had the best effect), probably spoke no dull word, and demonstrably wrote not a dull line. She could be critical, but her humour made for good humour—she enjoyed other people, and she enjoyed herself. She was without those resentments that make for malice. Though a member (together with the famous Mrs. Montagu) of that circle known as the Blue Stockings, she lacked the alarming traits of the intellectual—she took an intimate pleasure in small things. It is, perhaps, this pleasure in small things that gives such distinctive charm to the letters. Rolling periods and portentous abstract nouns are equally absent from Mrs. Boscawen's style—and such an absence was rare in the Age of Reason. This lady neither moralised nor invoked. One might say that the letters are modern, in the sense that Jane Austen's novels are modern—the stamp of a personality on them is stronger than the stamp of a particular time. But unfailingly, with her eye for detail, she does give an intimate picture of life in her century. Though letter-writing for her was a pleasure and not an art, she *made* an art of it, for she knew, like an artist, how to make the tiniest touches tell.

Mrs. Boscawen's London house (scene of so many parties) was 14, South Audley Street. But she loved the country, and, above all, gardens, so a country dwelling (though within reach of the City) was necessary to her. In Essex, her two successive retreats were both called Glan Villa (from Glanville, her mother's family name). It was not without regret that she left the second Glan Villa for Rosedale, the house she bought, between Richmond and Kew. One eye, while Mrs. Boscawen wrote letters, always seems to be fixed on the outside world. On a blazing May morning, the Audley Street laburnums and lilacs make her chafe for the country. Or, she turns from the distressful muddle of politics to the pure, certain outline of the snow-covered trees. She takes walks through the summer dark to hear nightingales. To attend a sale of rare plants, she makes an expedition to Muswell Hill, where she wins the hearts of the kindly, nouveaux riches Mr. and Mrs. Poker, who have newly acquired a gentleman's property.

Here we have one Glan Villa morning—November 9th, 1773:

> At the hour of breakfast, my kettle boiling upon the table, I took to feeding my robin-redbreast with almonds, as you told me, and very generously gave him his breakfast before I took my own. But at a second visit to him, behold—a tortoiseshell cat, waiting with her wicked leer to catch my sweet robin. I sallied out in a rage, armed with a spud, and could have executed a fearful vengeance, if at the moment I had not heard my servant Keeble call, or rather scream out, "Lady Gower!" I left cat, bird and spud instantly, and *flew* to the other door, where I could hardly discern her ladyship in her chaise for a fine tall magnolia which she had been so good as to make her companion in it for my sake.
>
> I need not tell you how glad I was to see her. She was glad to find the breakfast so ready that the tea was made, and the chocolate arrived in a minute. She liked the brown bread, and ate very heartily. . . .

Abbreviations

THE more official and the busier life becomes, the more we tend to converse—or, at least, to communicate—in long strings of meaning capital letters. Every branch of activity breeds its own—which the outsider may find very confusing. *A Dictionary of Abbreviations*, by Eric Partridge (George Allen and Unwin; 7*s.* 6*d.*), therefore comes in well. I keep browsing through the volume I have at hand, patching up the gaps in my general knowledge. And no doubt many of you may care to do the same. Did you, for instance, know that the letters "H.C." could stand, with equal correctness, for Home Counties, House of Commons, High Commissioner, Heralds' College, Hockey Club, High Church or Habitual Criminal?


Men's clothes by Drescott
There may be some difficulty in obtaining Drescott Clothes, as supplies are limited owing to the necessary restriction of all civilian wear.
But they will adequately repay the extra trouble in looking for them.

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE





A new hat is really a mental tonic, especially in the spring, and nowhere is there a more representative and attractive collection than at Margaret Marks, Knightsbridge, who is responsible for those portrayed on this page. Seen on the extreme left is one that has a black straw brim with a white kid crown. It may be copied in other colour schemes, while the quills are adjustable. The high-crowned affair on the right is of black felt, with chiffon draperies. It looks extremely smart when expressed in black and blue. There is a wealth of choice in hats for country wear. They set well down on the head, and are reinforced with brims that cast becoming shadows across the face. It is not only in hats that Miss Marks is successful, she is now thinking of wraps and frocks for spring and summer wear



All women are interested in weddings, especially at this date in the calendar, it may be on account of the war. White dresses are looked on with favour; therefore, Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, are making a feature of the same. Illustrated on this page is a bridal gown that is primarily destined for the younger woman. It is expressed in a distinctive material which is supple and endowed with unique draping possibilities. As will be seen, it has a nigh neck with turnover collar, long sleeves, and a neat tie-belt, the scheme being completed with a floral coronet. There are dresses for the rather older woman, and for those who need something that will remain undated. Lace is a favourite material in black, white or colours. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that women may be helped to lay out their coupons to the best advantage. Quality is of the utmost importance, as it is true economy



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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

But Does It?

FEW things are more fascinating to play about with than the pilot's aptitude tester as employed in the sorting out of applicants for Royal Air Force air crew duties. The person tested sits in the similitude of an aircraft cockpit and has stick, rudder bar and throttle controls. Before him is a panel on which is a point of light and there are in addition red and green lights. On the word "Go," the person seated at the controls tries to keep the point of light central in the panel and both red and green lights off. He does the centralising with the stick and the switching on and off of the red and green lights by moving the throttle lever forward or back. It is an ingenious apparatus and the kind of thing that ought to make a fortune at a fun fair; but I sometimes wonder what the evidence is that it really tests flying aptitude. Waving and flashing lights seem to me remote from the sense impressions one receives when piloting an aeroplane, impressions which are the guide to stick, rudder bar and throttle movements.

Royal Air Force doctors, however, have done so much to reduce selection to a science that it is likely that the scope and limitations of this apparatus are well understood and that its readings are interpreted with an appropriate margin. All the same I would like to see the evidence on which is based the view that this device indicates piloting aptitude.

Closer Link

To the uninitiated some form of Link trainer would seem to be nearer the actuality of flying and therefore a surer guide to aptitude. Some of the recent developments of the Link provide a cinematographic representation of the countryside as seen from the cockpit and make it do all the queer things that the countryside does do when a novice takes the controls. In addition the Link can now have automatic contrivances for recording the performance of the man at the controls. In fact, it seems to be the nearest ground imitation of flying yet invented and it might be a good tester of aptitude.

Before the war there was a device for testing motor-car driving aptitude. It was a car cockpit and windscreen with all controls. The person under test, looking through the windscreen, saw the "road" along which he was driving simulated, I suppose (for I did not examine the mechanism), by cinematography. And the thing was so arranged that movement of the steering wheel and other controls produced the appropriate appearance through the screen. Most extraordinary was the way in which the person under test could choose whether he would "turn" down a side road or go straight ahead. This gadget did, I believe, give good evidence of being a sure guide to driving aptitude. I feel that it is resembled by the Link trainer for aircraft work.



D. R. Stuart

Officers of a H.Q. Staff

Photographed together here are F/Lieut. T. A. John (Adjutant), G/Capt. F. V. Drake, M.C., and W/Cdr. H. C. Covell. G/Capt. Drake served with the 11th Hussars during the last war, when he was decorated.

Aerodromes or Arcadia?

WHEN I have mentioned in these notes that Britain is becoming a vast aerodrome and that, when peace comes, it will be able to use its aerodrome facilities for the great world air lines of the future, I have had protesting comments, the line of most of them being that we do not want to make Britain a great air junction, we much prefer it to be a beautiful country with fine woods and fertile fields.

Personally I am not competent to deal with these larger implications of the air base or air junction policy. It is the kind of thing that might well be discussed by the brains trust now sometimes organised at the Empire Central Flying School. The essential point seems to be that if we are to be prosperous in the material sense, we must be among the leading aeronautical countries. If we are to be among the leading aeronautical countries we must devote a large part of our land and a good deal of our English sky to aircraft and their accessories. If we do that some of our country's beauty will be de- troyed.

Comment

ONE correspondent mak- such excellently pointe comment on this matter tha I must quote the letter: "I so your air junction clearly," i says, "with its streamlined air- ports, hotels and restauran full of business men travellin from one Continental airpo to another—all exactly alik even to the hotel menus accompanied by streamline secretaries and streamlined pig skin suitcases, and attendin endless conferences with othe of their kind. . . . How muc use is it, I wonder, to facilita the kind of travel that enabl large numbers of people t move rapidly from one Europe anised hotel to another? I am not speaking vaguely her either. I worked my way roun the world for two and a ha years. . . . For all this kind o thing—for commerce *in excelsis* and 'travel'—you ar prepared to 'sacrifice our English skies.' "

To be frank I feel sympathy with this correspondent' views. But in speaking of Britain as a world's air junction I have not touched on the question of whethe most people would like it as an air junction or no We seem to be, in such matters, under some compulsion to develop commercially or go under, though why thi should be so is unknown to me.

If it were possible to remain a great nation an turn England into Arcadia, with green fields an trees in place of aerodromes and motor roads an coal mines and industrial areas, if that were possible, no doubt people would prefer it. But it does not seem possible. The weakness of all the discussions that are taking place about the post-wa planning of aviation is that they do not take into account the views of those, like my correspondent, who would prefer country peace to efficient air transpor

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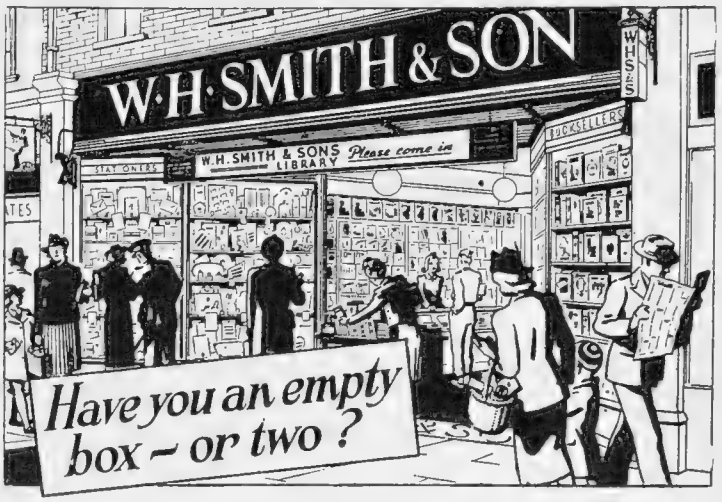
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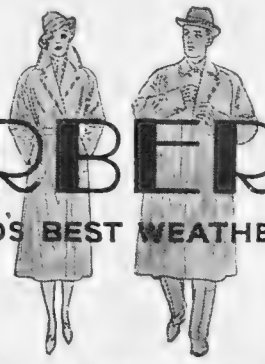
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BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

ONE morning a professor read to an English composition class a particularly inept theme, and as usual, called for comments. The students pulled it to pieces unmercifully.

"Interesting," commented the professor, "because I wrote the theme myself." As the critics began to blush, he continued: "You are quite right. This theme is incredibly bad. I spent two hours of painstaking effort last night to make sure I had not omitted a single feature of poor writing, and I believe I succeeded."

The professor paused for dramatic effect.

"What astounds me," he resumed, "is how you men can dash these things off day after day in ten minutes."

THE following story is taken from a bright little collection of jokes entitled *Wag's Hand-Book* by E. R. S. Skeels (T. Werner Laurie Ltd.):

An English family in Spain took a house and engaged a Spanish servant. At first they found her very difficult to get on with, but gradually she got into their ways, and on leaving the country at the end of a year, they gave her a parting present.

"Oh, Senora, I must tell you now," said the girl tearfully. "When I first came to you, I did not like you at all, and I used to spit in the soup, and by the time I'd got to like you, it had become a habit."

TWO drunks were swaying down the road together, propping each other up.

"Lesh go home now, ole man," hiccoughed one.

"I'm 'fraid t'go home. Wife'll shmell m'breath," wailed the other.

"I know!" said the first. "Hol' yor breath!"

"Can't, sh'too strong!"



John Vickers

Jack Waller's New Leading Lady

Miss June Willock is the leading lady of the new musical show "Roll Away Clouds" which is based on some of Jack Waller's most popular productions and represents some of the loveliest melodies from old successes such as "No, No, Nanette," "Mercenary Mary," "Sons o' Guns" and "Hit The Deck." June is the daughter of Air Vice-Marshal Willock

IN a small town out West there was a sudden commotion. It appeared that a wire had fallen across the main street and was holding up all traffic. No one dared to touch it in case it should be "live."

The news reached the editor of the local paper, and he acted promptly.

"Send down two reporters," he ordered; "one to touch the wire and the other to write up the story."

THE following "nut" story comes from M. Hellinger's page in an American newspaper:

A certain screwball was buying some new furnit After he had picked out several pieces he liked, told the salesman he was satisfied. The sales whipped out a pad.

"Your name, please?" he inquired.

"John Jones," replied the screwball.

"And your address?"

"I live with my wife," returned the nut.

"Very well," smiled the clerk. "And where your wife live?"

"With her mother," said the screwball.

The salesman did his best to be patient.

"I see," he murmured. "Then where does y mother-in-law live?"

"She lives with her mother," asserted the nut.

The salesman counted up to ten.

"And where does," he gritted, "your mother law's mother live?"

The nut smiled again.

"She lives with me," he said sweetly.

The salesman sighed heavily.

"Then where do you live?" he asked wearily.

The nut drew himself up. He looked extrem peeved.

"Look here, my man," he barked angrily. "M we go all over that again?"

THERE had been a raid in the night and the ne morning an old woman, emerging from her shel found her house almost demolished. The piano w in the garden and the front had been blown out.

A facetious looker-on said: "They've made t'pian into a harp."

"Ay, maybe," she replied, "but they harna got to play it."

THE A.R.P. instructor was giving a lecture: "If an incendiary bomb comes through the ro don't lose your head. Put it in a bucket and co it with sand."

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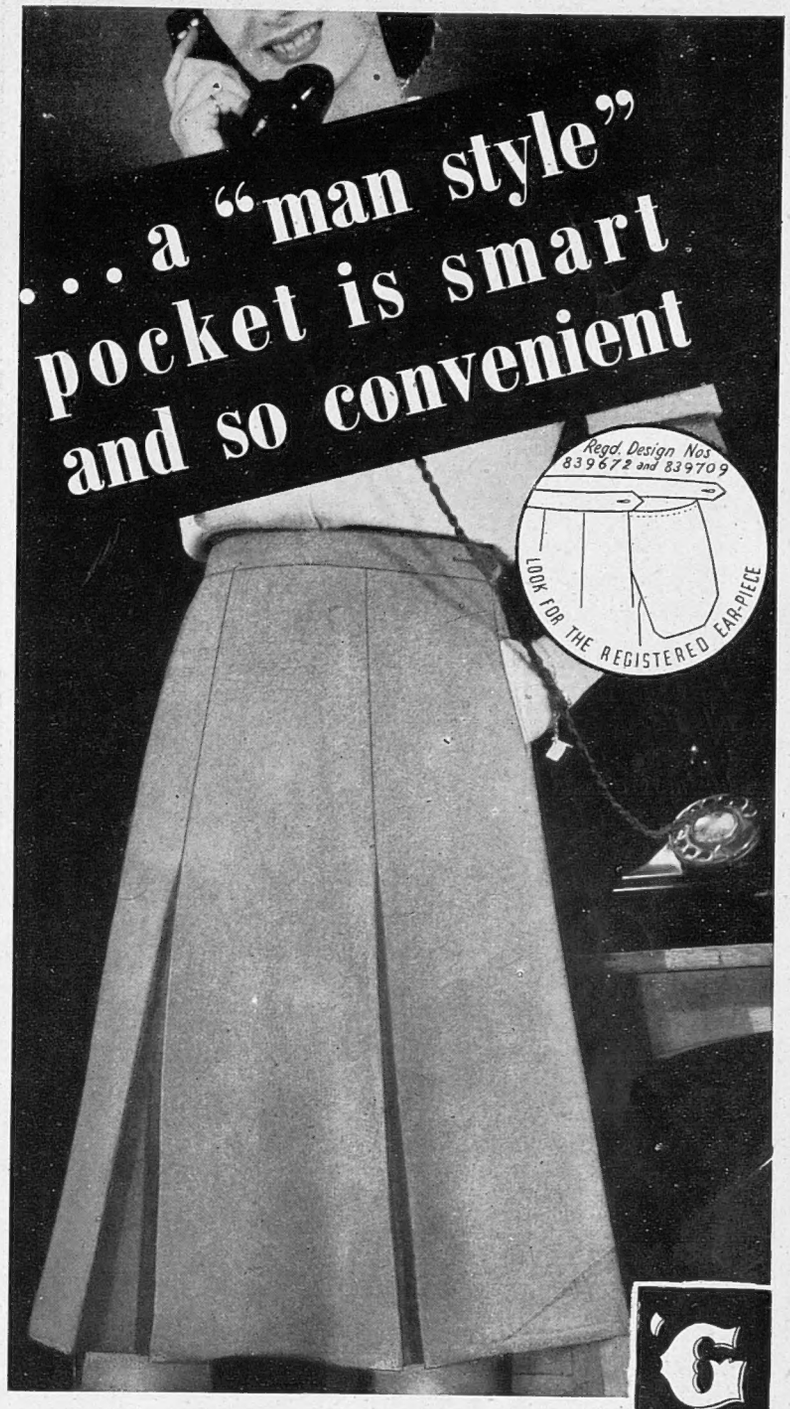
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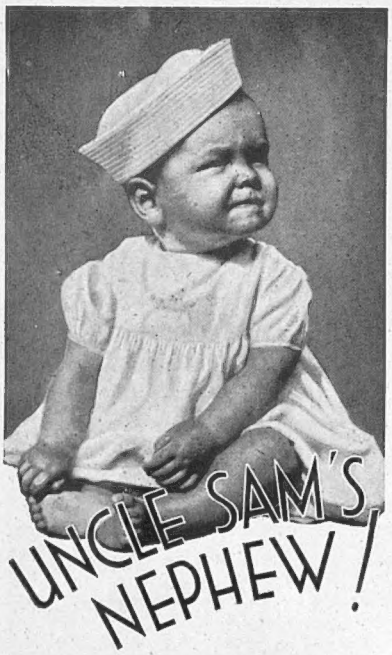
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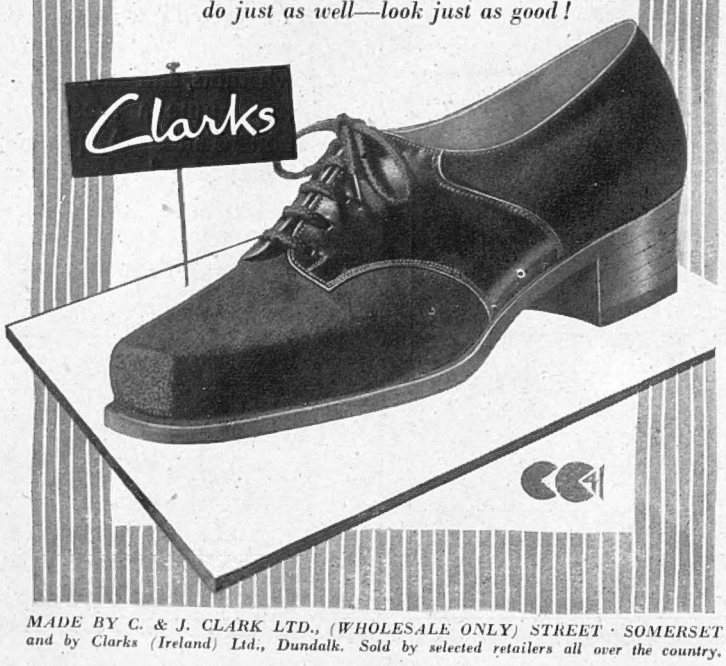
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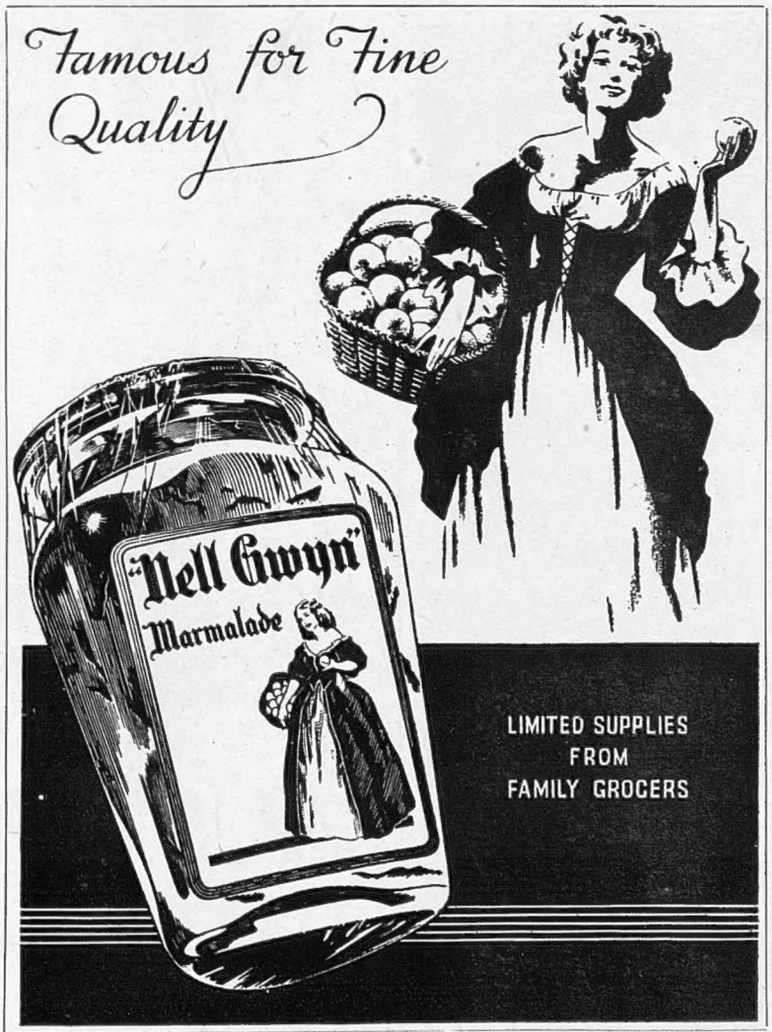
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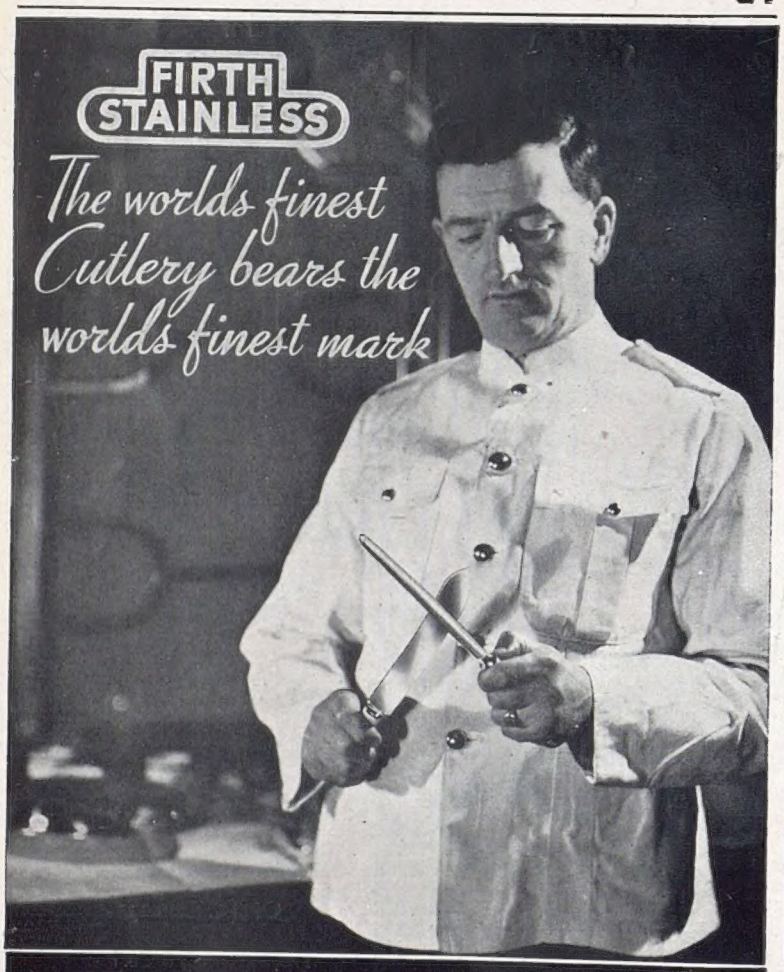
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